

GOLD
KEY

CAVE KIDS

BE

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

CAVE KIDS

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM



IT'S A FRANTIC PANIC WHEN THE
CAVE KIDS MEET THE TERRIBLE TYRANT-A-SAURUS!

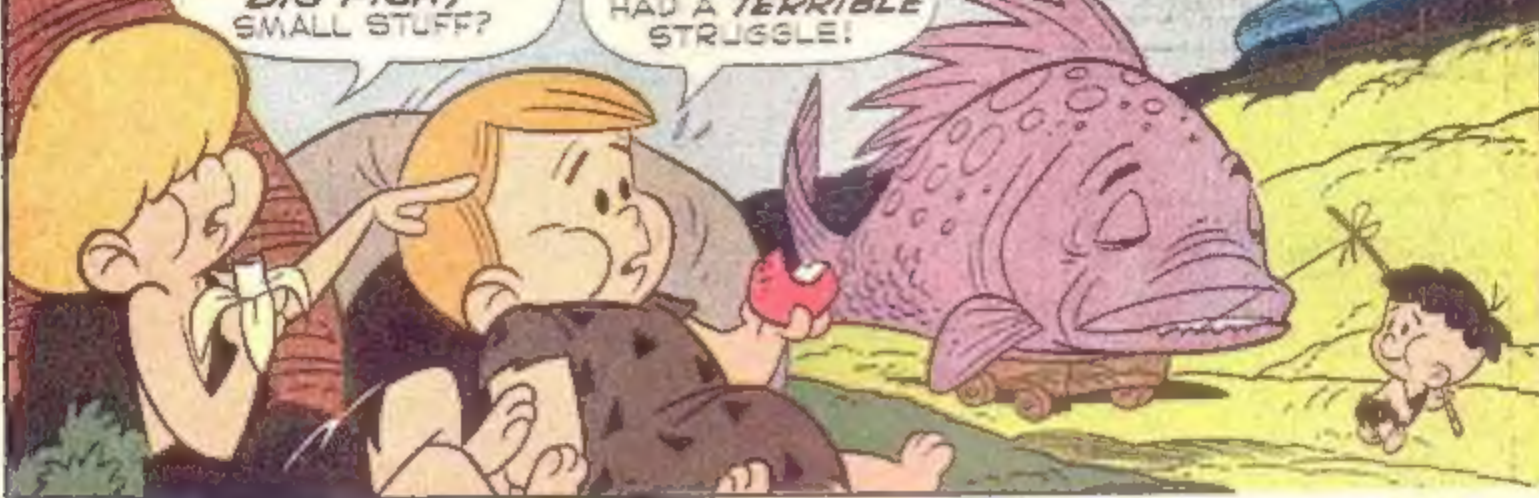
Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

The TERRIBLE TYRANT-A-SAURUS

WOW! HOW DID YOU EVER MANAGE TO CATCH SUCH A BIG FISH, SMALL STUFF?

YOU MUST HAVE HAD A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE!



NOTHING TO IT! IT WAS AS EASY AS FALLING INTO A QUARRY!

AW, WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE FOOLING ANYHOW?

WE'RE NOT DUMB BUNNYSAURUSES!

BUT I JUST COULDN'T HELP MYSELF, FELLAS!



IT WAS *IN MY FUTURE* FOR ME TO CATCH THIS WHOPPER FISH!

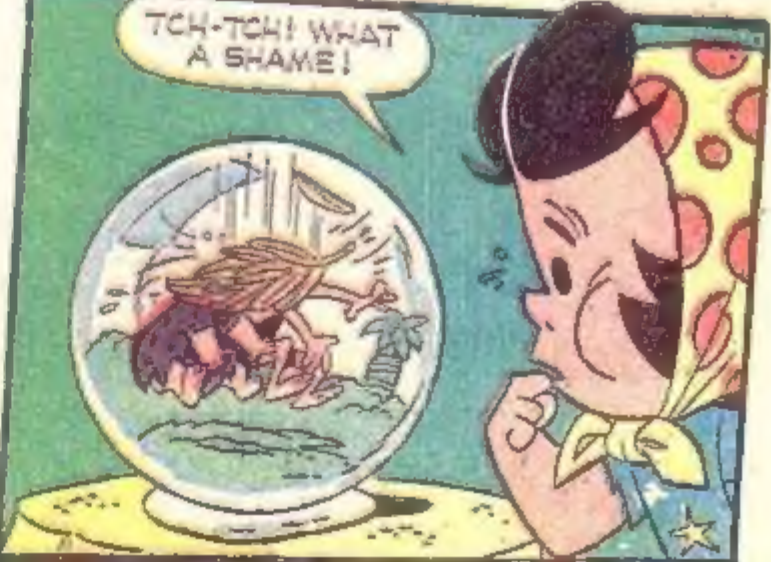
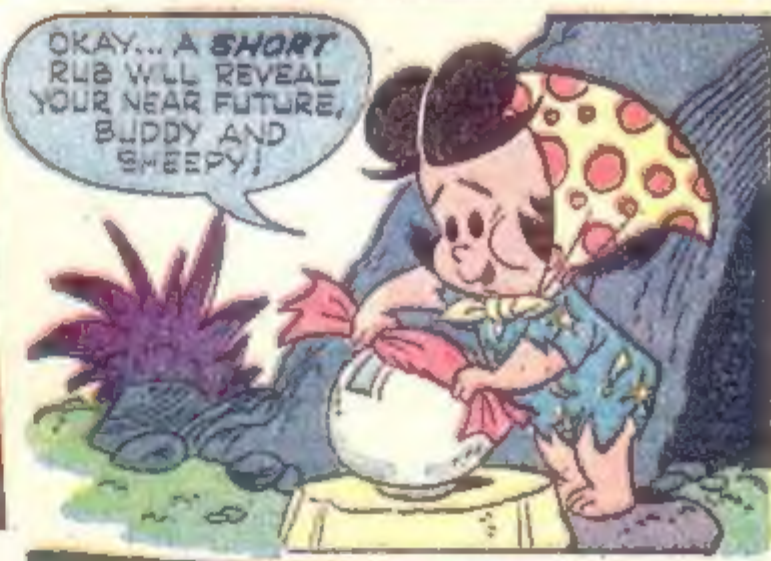
HUH?

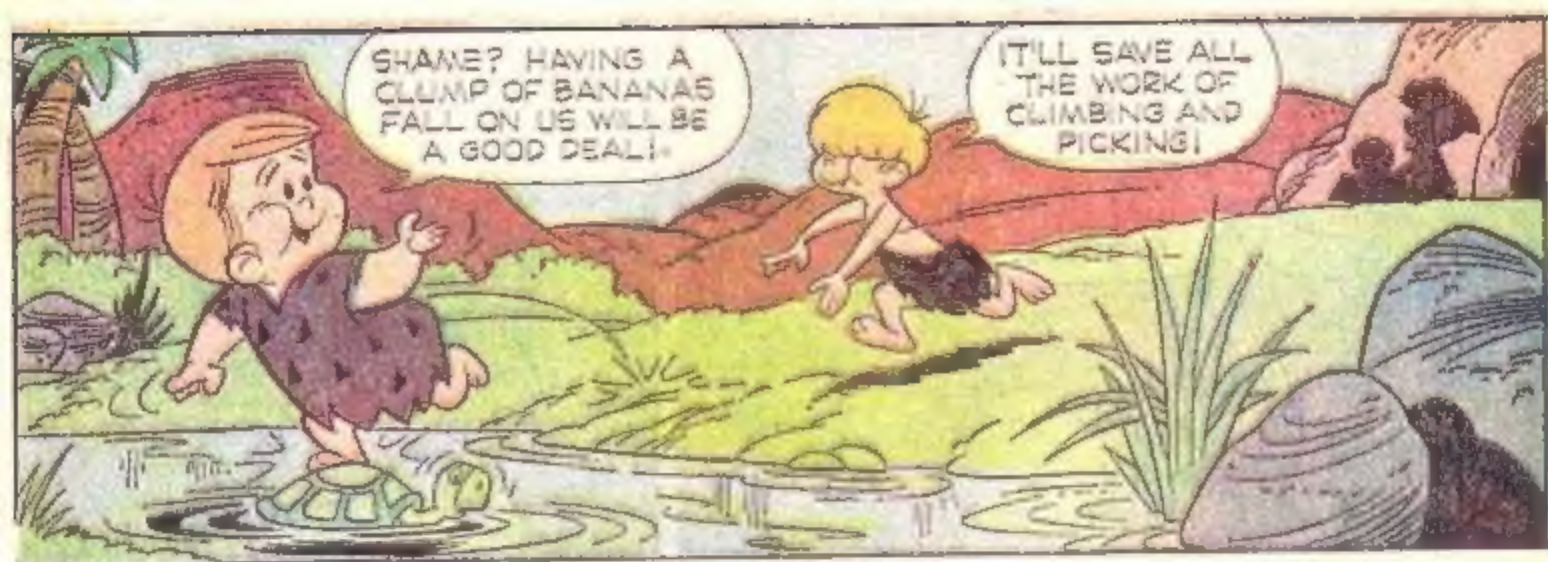
IN YOUR *FUTURE*!?!

YES! GYPSY CRYSTAL SAW ME CATCH IT IN HER CRYSTAL BALL BEFORE I EVEN THOUGHT OF GOING FISHING!



POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.
CAVE KIDS, No. 10, September, 1965. Published quarterly by K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York. Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 45c per year; foreign subscriptions 75c per year; Canadian subscriptions 60c per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing and Lithographing Company. Copyright © 1965, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.





SHAME? HAVING A CLUMP OF BANANAS FALL ON US WILL BE A GOOD DEAL!

IT'LL SAVE ALL THE WORK OF CLIMBING AND PICKING!



NOTHING LIKE COOPERATING WITH THE FUTURE, HUH, SHEEPY?

WHY NOT?



AND PRETTY SOON...

OW! AND HOORAY!



NO DELAYS LONG

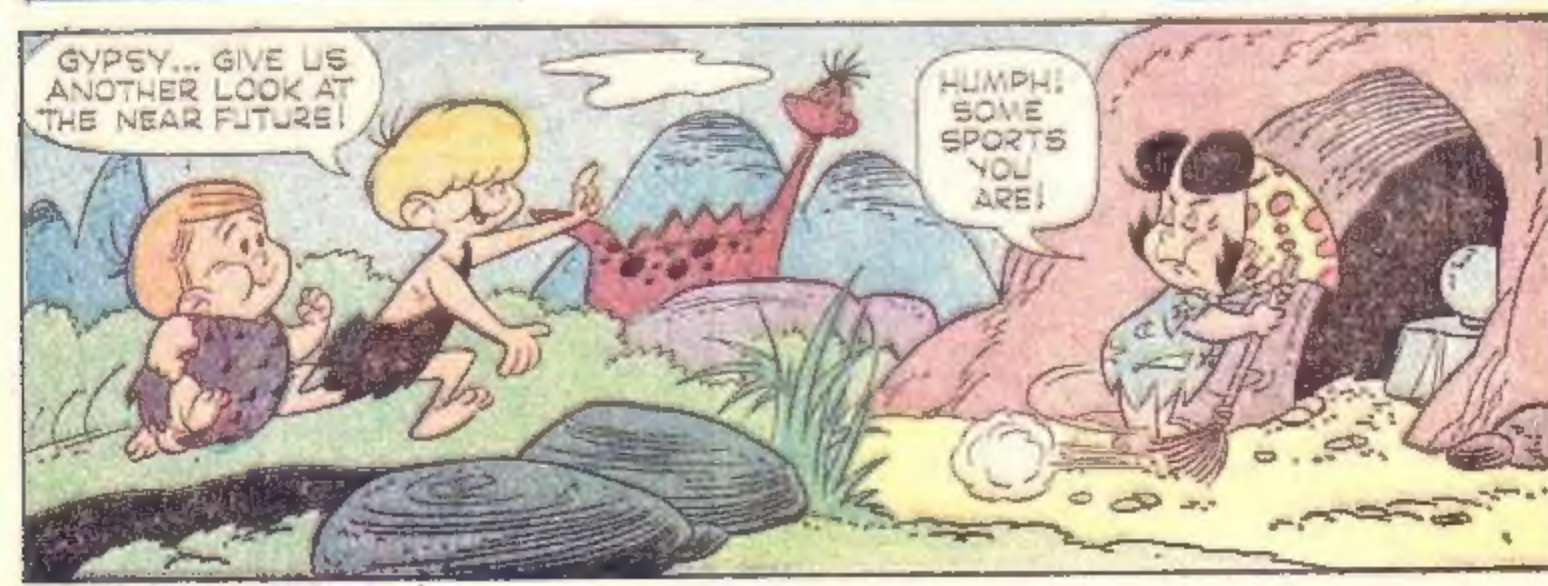
AH-H... WHAT A FEAST!

I FEEL LIKE A STUFFED MONKEY!



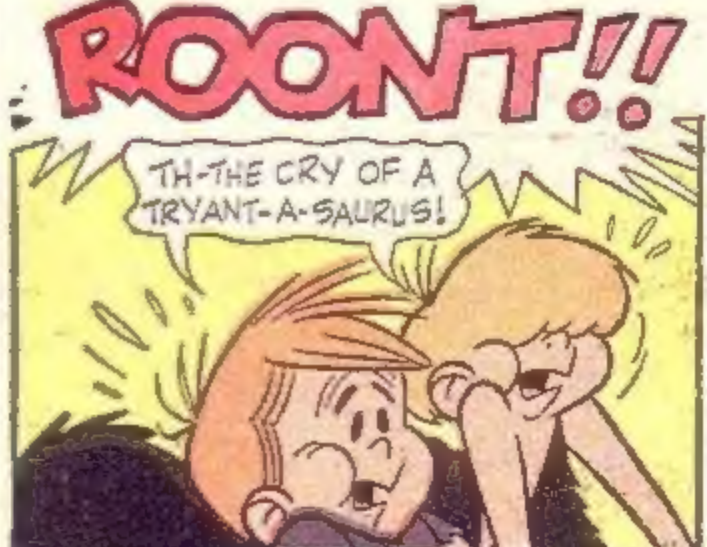
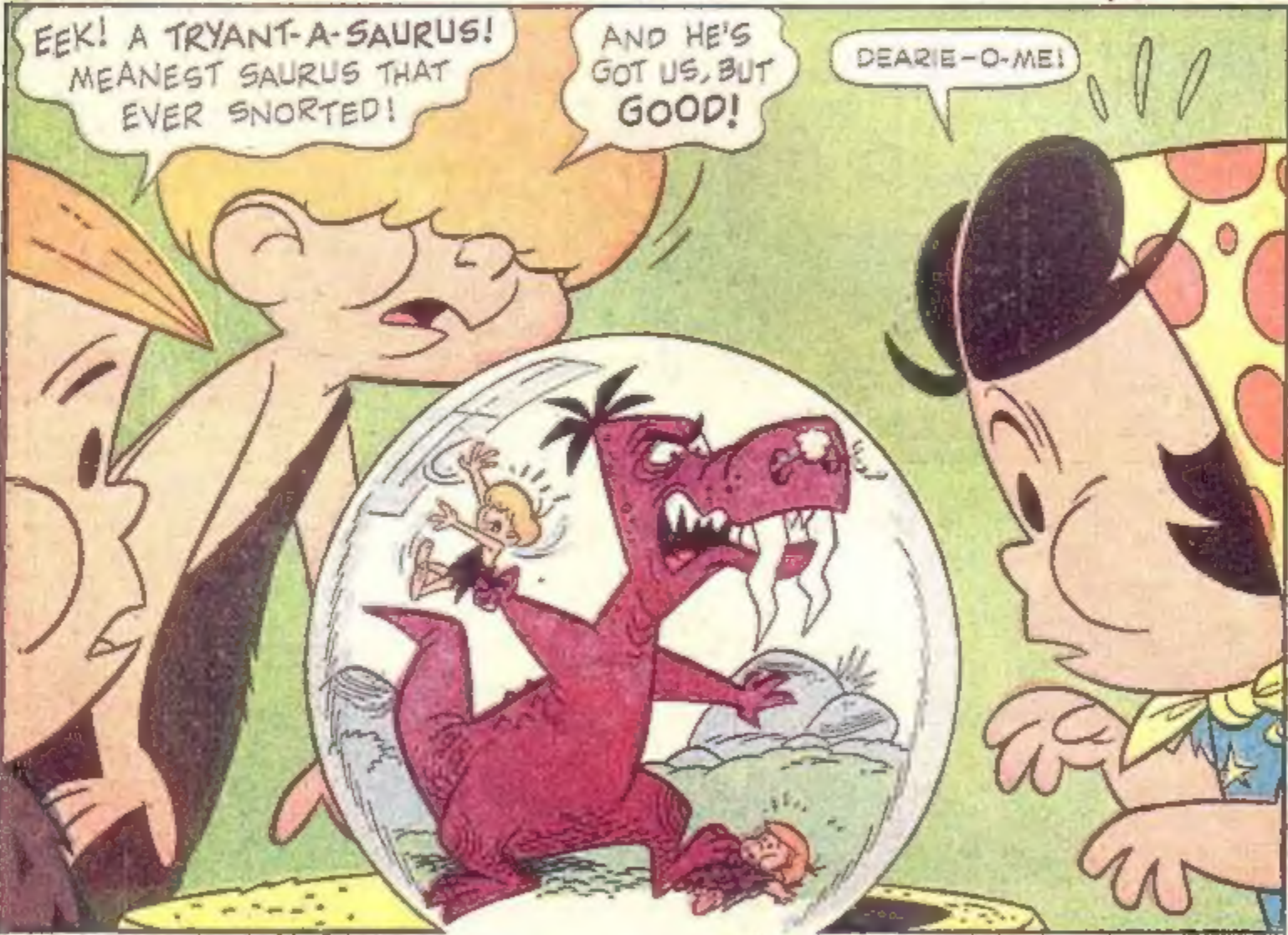
IT'S NAP-TIME, BUT I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT!

ME, TOO!



GYPSY... GIVE US ANOTHER LOOK AT THE NEAR FUTURE!

HUMPH! SOME SPORTS YOU ARE!





THE DISTANT FUTURE SOUNDS TOO CLOSE ALREADY... LET'S SCRAM!

BUT, BOYS... YOU CAN'T AVOID THE FUTURE!



OH, YEAH? JUST WATCH AND SEE!



HE CAN'T GET BOTH OF US IF WE SEPARATE!



OR EITHER ONE OF US IF WE HIDE WELL ENOUGH!



(LULP!) I'M THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF A CAVE-IN!

KEEP OUT!
CONDEMNED
CAVE

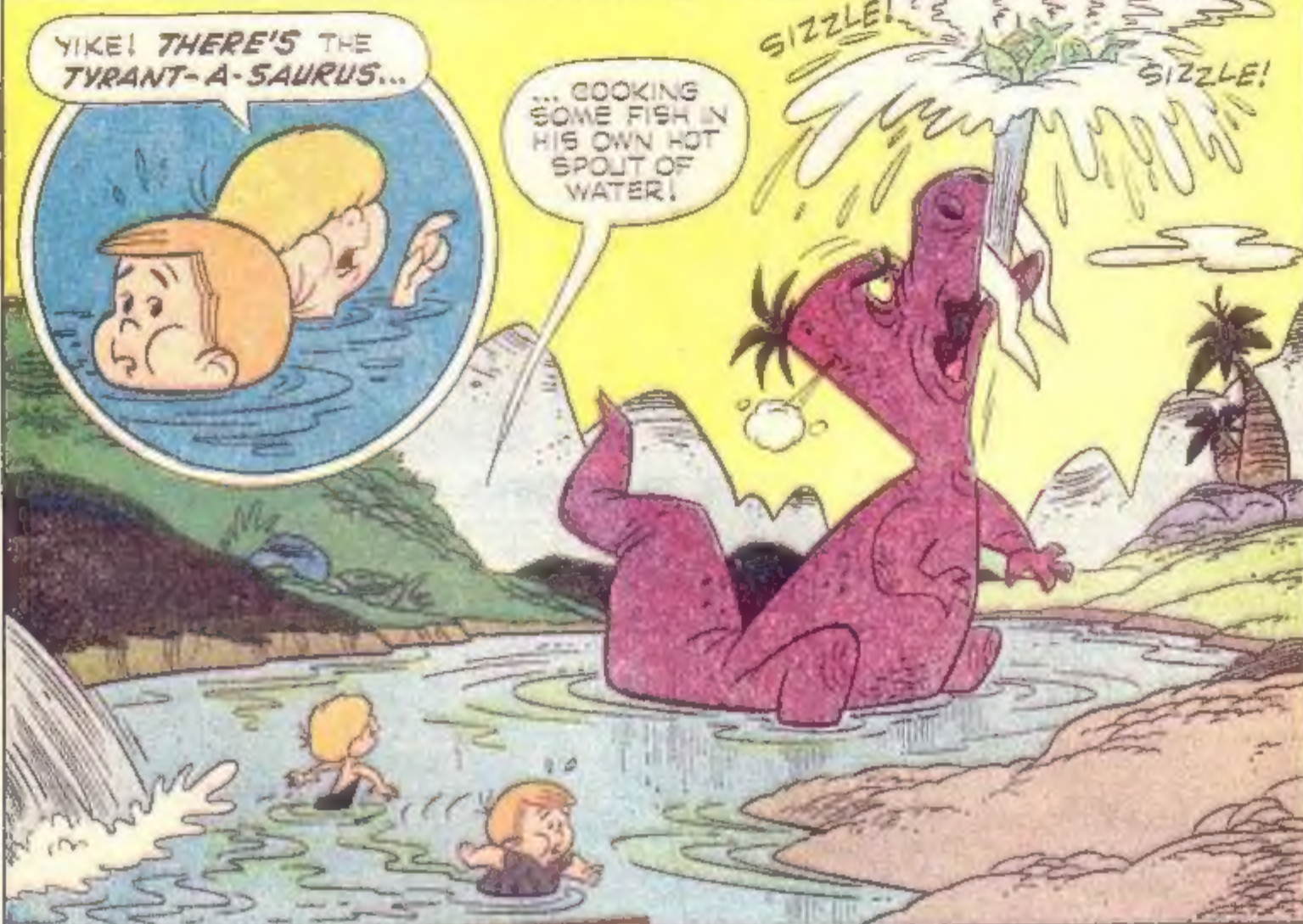


YII! THIS RIVER IS GOING UNDERGROUND!



WHOOPS! LOOKS LIKE THE SEPARATE WAYS ARE ONE!

SPLASH!



YIKE! THERE'S THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS...

... COOKING SOME FISH IN HIS OWN HOT SPOILT OF WATER!

SIZZLE! SIZZLE!



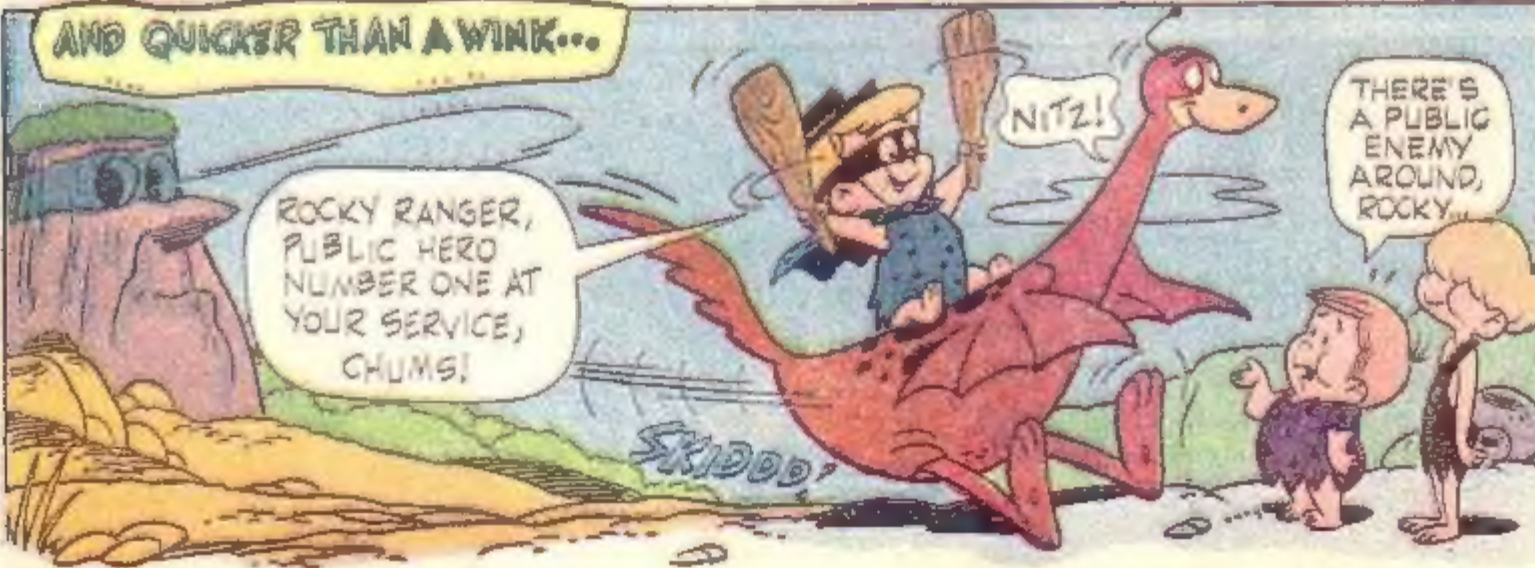
YOU KNOW SOMETHING, BUDDY... I DON'T THINK WE CAN AVOID THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS IN OUR FUTURE!

MAYBE SO... BUT THEN LET'S BE VICTORIOUS OVER THE BEAST!



HALP!

GOOD IDEA!
HALP!



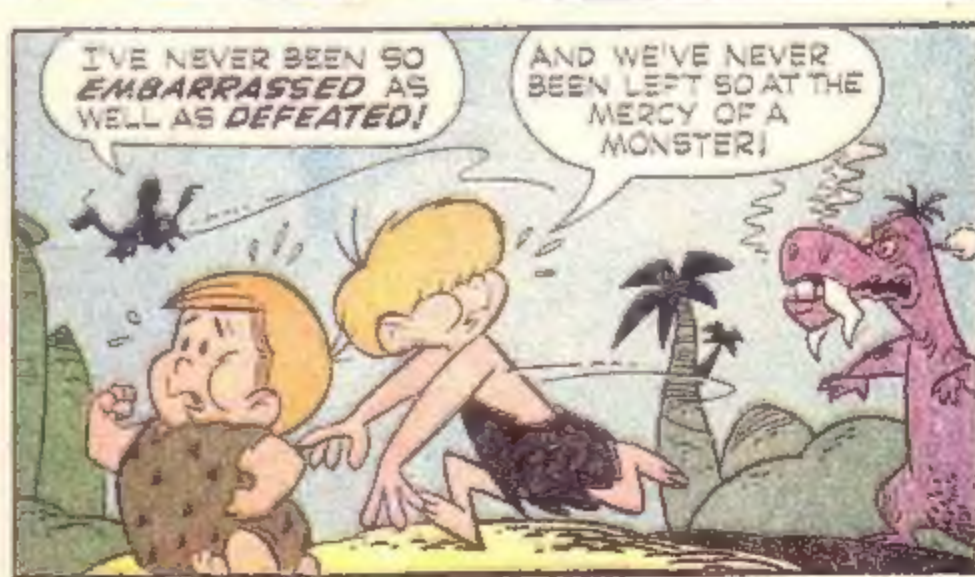
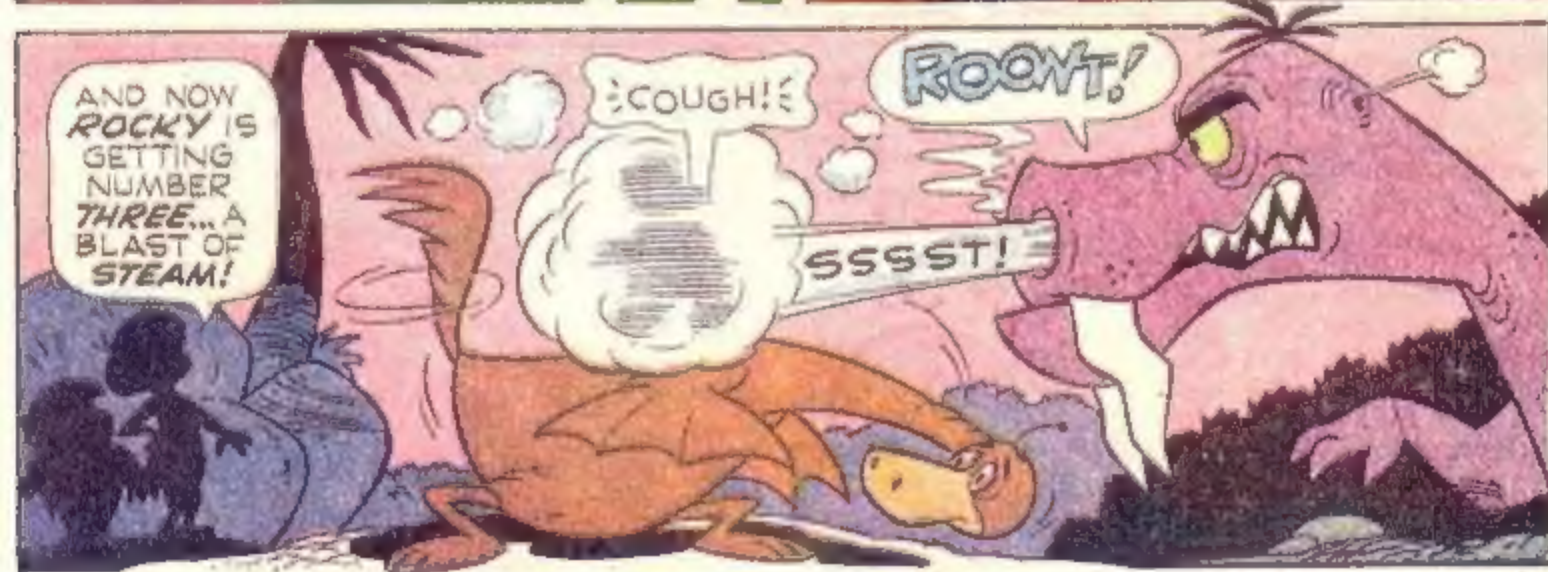
AND QUICKER THAN A WINK...

ROCKY RANGER, PUBLIC HERO NUMBER ONE AT YOUR SERVICE, CHUMS!

NITZ!

THERE'S A PUBLIC ENEMY AROUND, ROCKY...

SKIDD!





LOOK! LITTLE BAMB-BAMB IS WORKING IN THE QUARRY MAKING GRAVEL!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, BUDDY...

SMASH!
BASH!

STONE FOR SALE



IF BAMB-BAMB CAN MAKE GRAVEL OUTA BOULDERS... MAYBE HE CAN MAKE TID-BITS OUTA THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS!



SIC HIM, LITTLE CHUM!

BAMB-BAMB!

ROONT!
ROONT!
ROONT!



BOWNK!
BOWNK!

I SORTA FEEL SORRY FOR THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS NOW!



YIKES! HE'S TURNED THE HAMMER INTO MOLTEN LAVA!

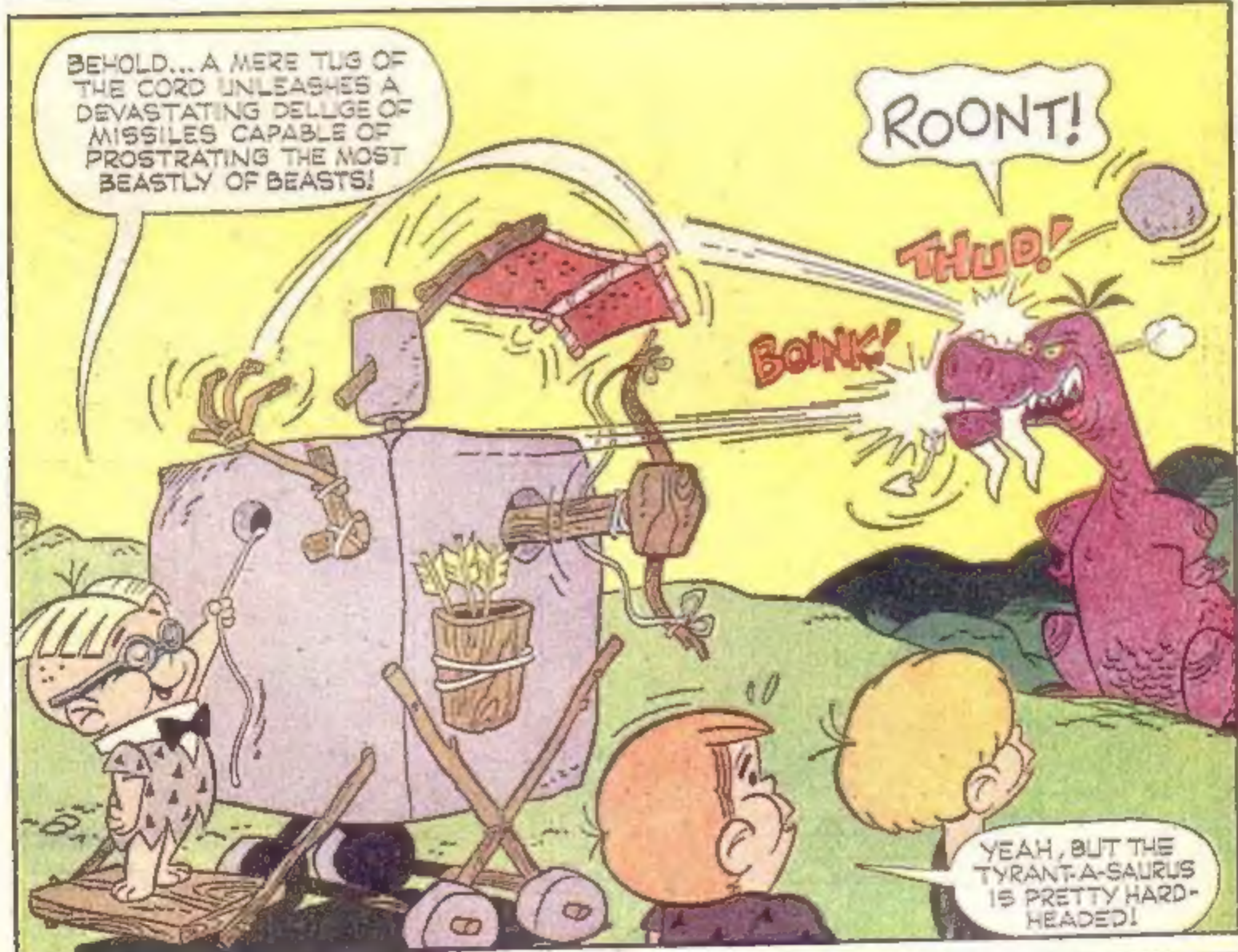


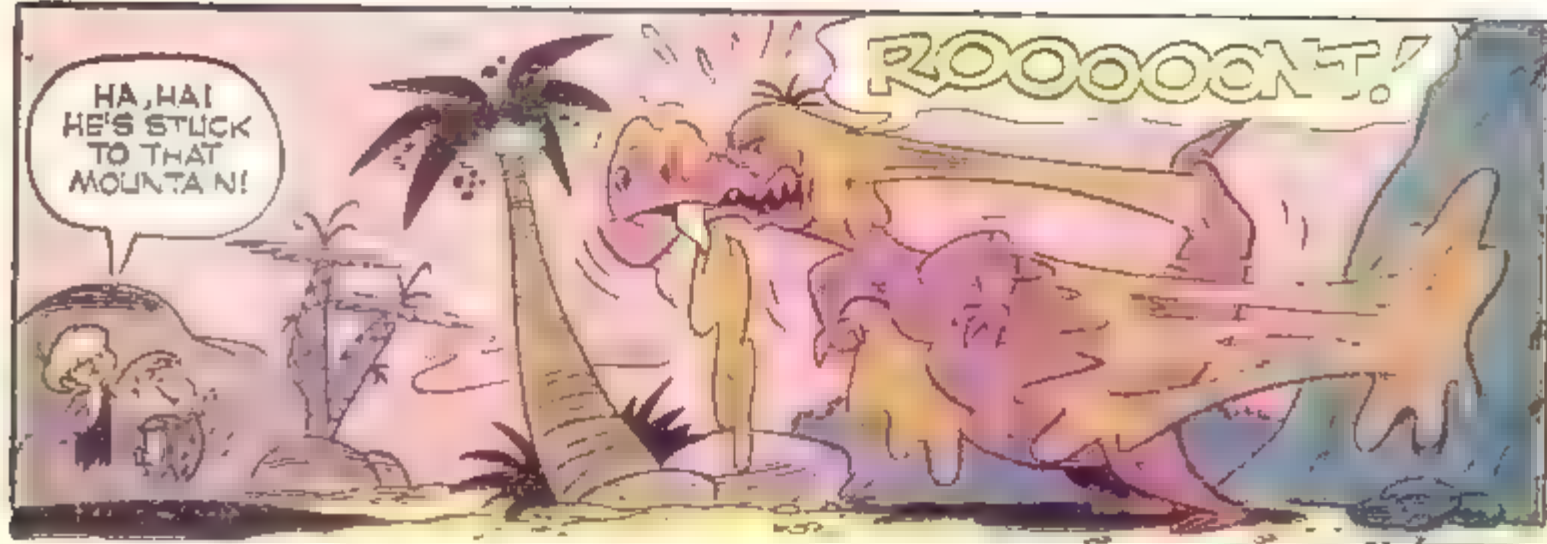
ROONT!

THAT ONLY MADE HIM MADDER THAN EVER!

RUN! HE'S THROWING A REGULAR TYRANT-TYPE FIT!

BALANCED MOUNTAIN





HA, HA!
HE'S STUCK
TO THAT
MOUNTAIN!

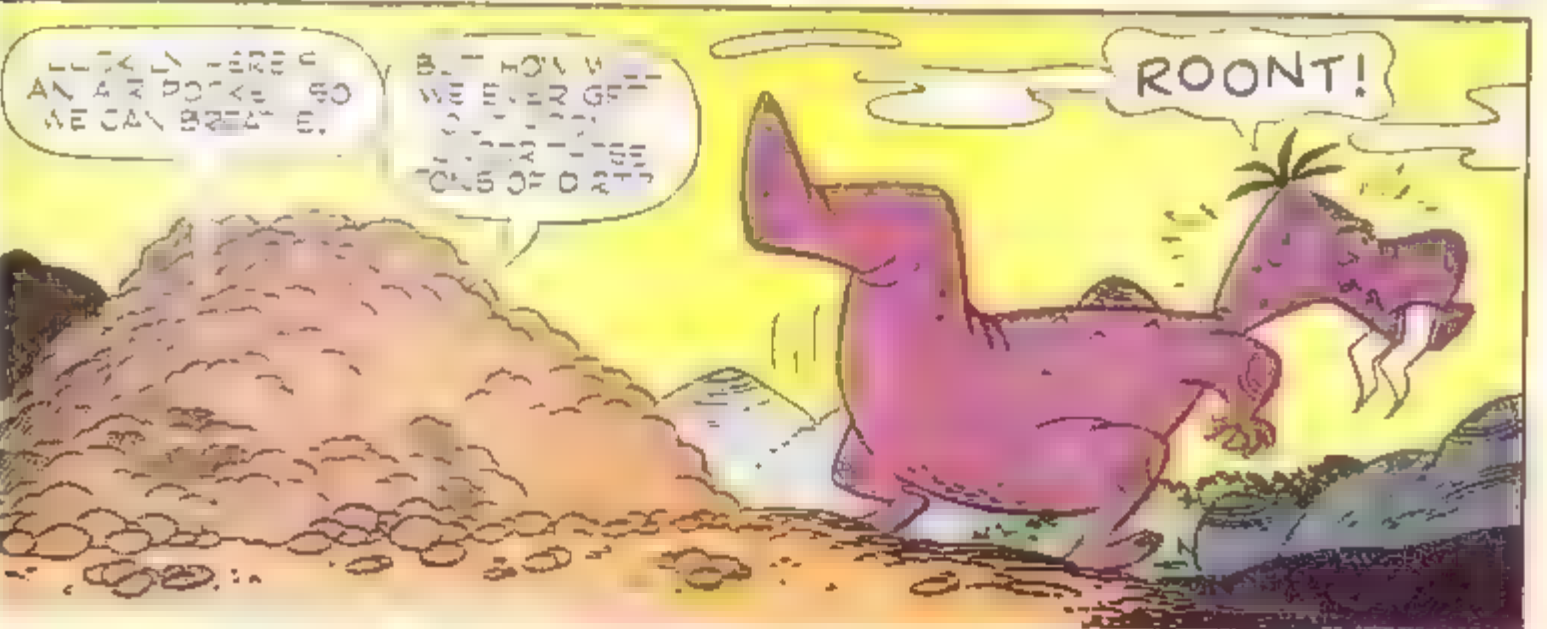
ROOOOONT!



SNAP!

H-HALP!
WE'RE BEING
PLOWED
UNDER!

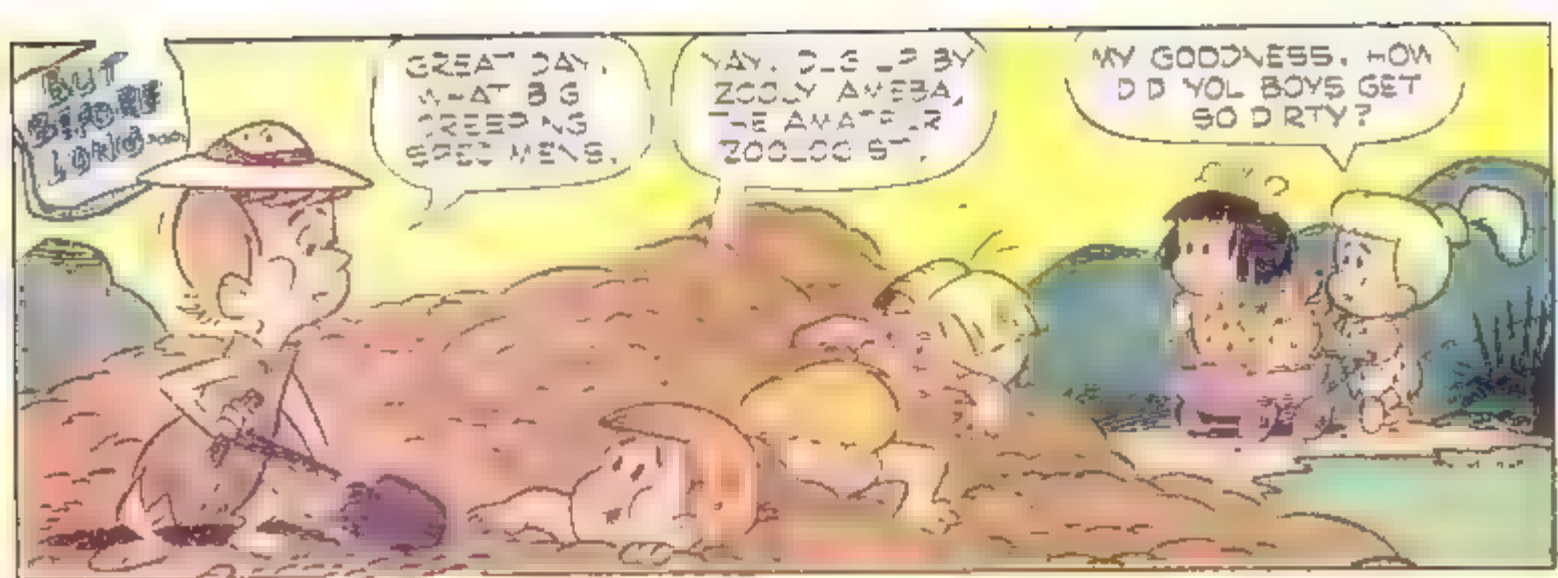
CHUNK!



LOOK AT THESE
AN ARROCKS SO
WE CAN BREAK...

WE'VE GOT TO
GET OUT OF
HERE!

ROONT!

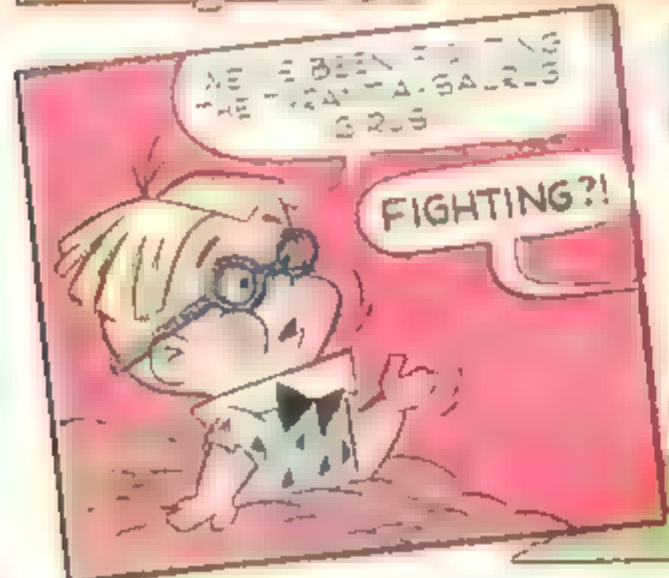


BUT BEFORE LONG...

GREAT DAY, WHAT BIG CREEPING SPECIMENS.

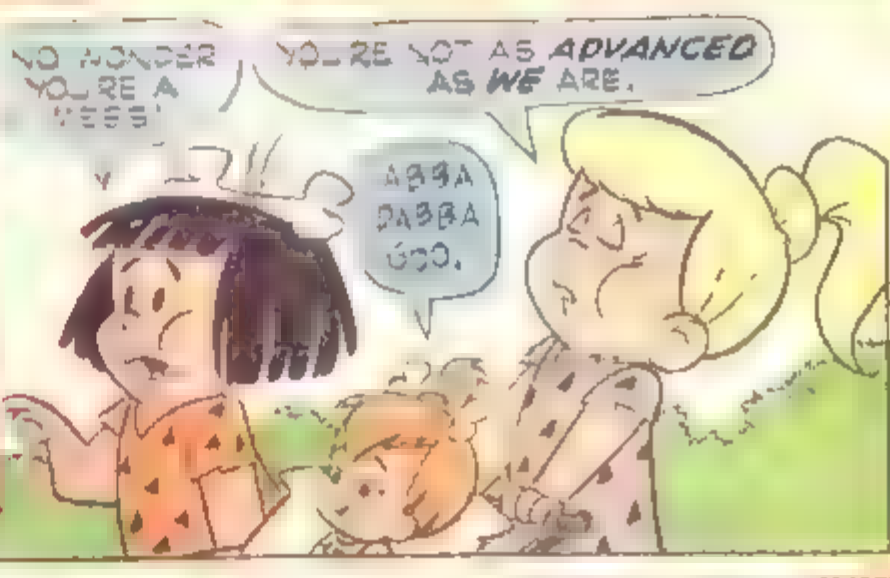
YAY, ZOOLOCS BY ZOOLOCS, THE AMATEUR ZOOLOCS!

MY GODDNES, HOW DID YOL BOYS GET SO DIRTY?



WE'VE BEEN TALKING THE TYRANT-A-SALURJS GIRLS

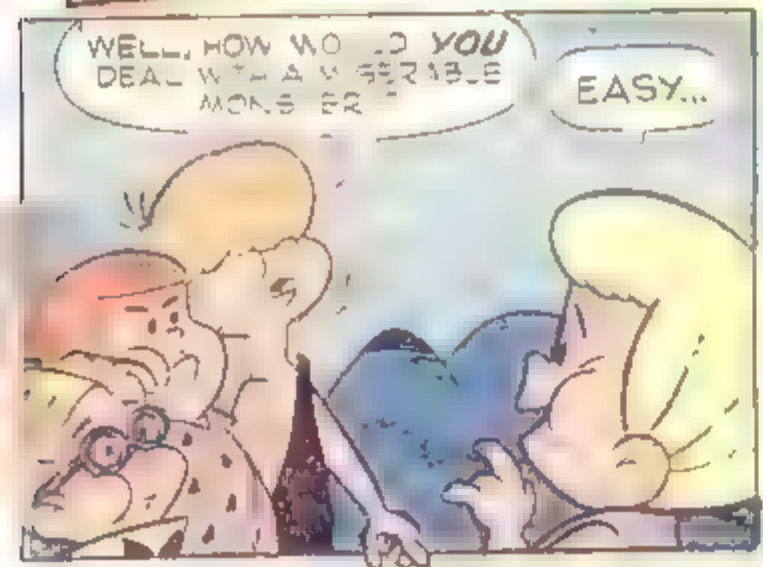
FIGHTING?!



NO WONDER YOU'RE NOT AS ADVANCED AS WE ARE.

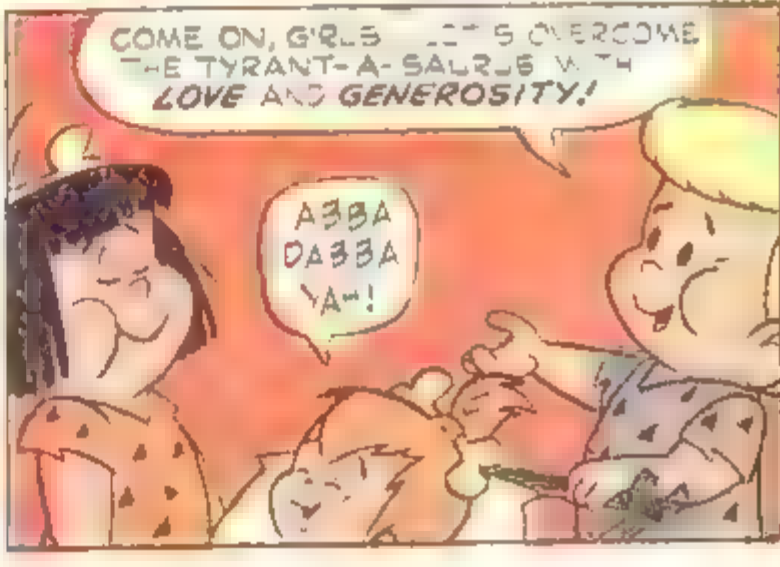
YOU'RE NOT AS ADVANCED AS WE ARE.

ABBA DABBA DOO.



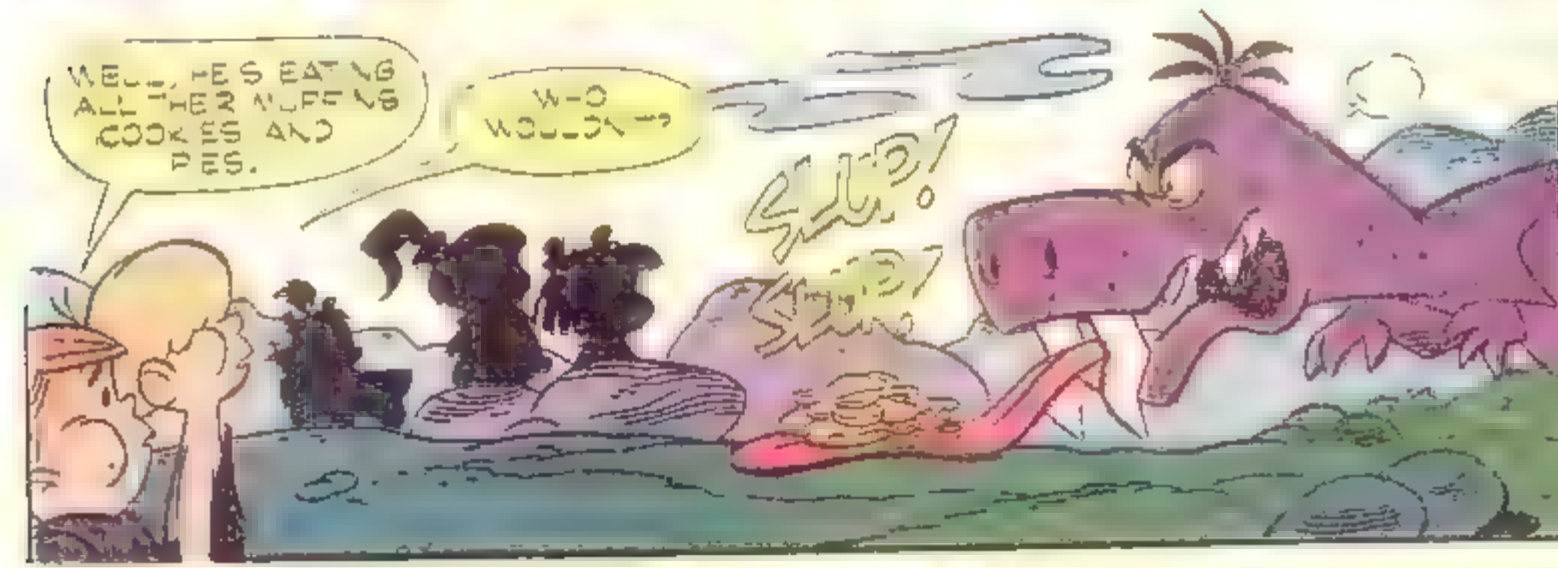
WELL, HOW WOULD YOU DEAL WITH A TERRIBLE MONSTER?

EASY...



COME ON, GIRLS LET'S OVERCOME THE TYRANT-A-SALURJS WITH LOVE AND GENEROSITY!

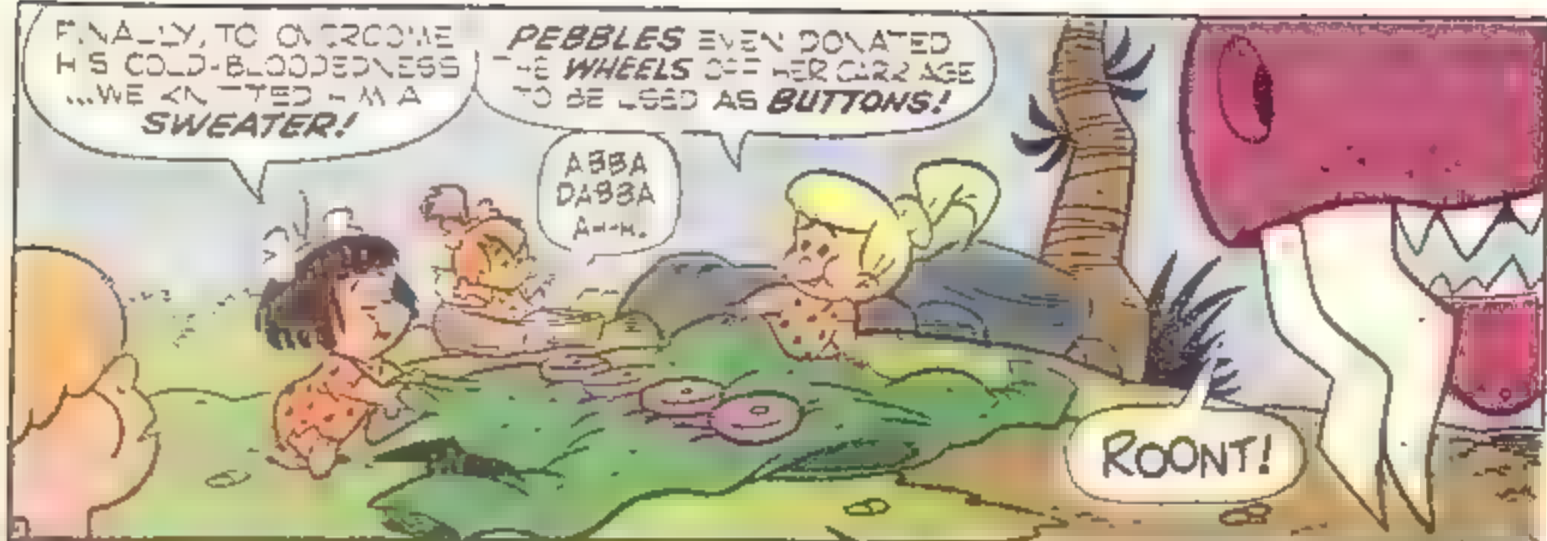
ABBA DABBA YA-!



WELL, SHE'S EATING ALL THEIR NICE COOKIES AND DES.

WHO WOULD...?

GLORP!

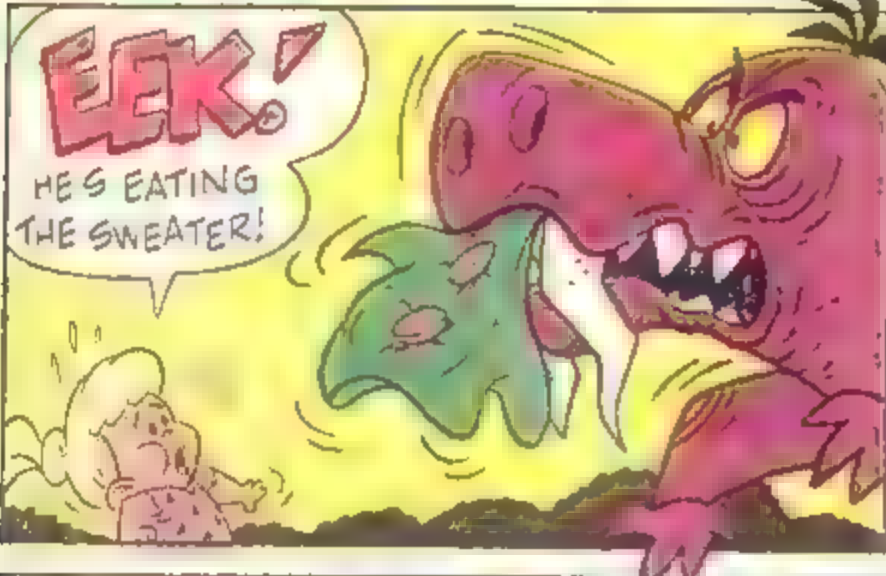


FINALLY, TO OVERCOME HIS COLD-BLOODEDNESS... WE KNITTED HIM A SWEATER!

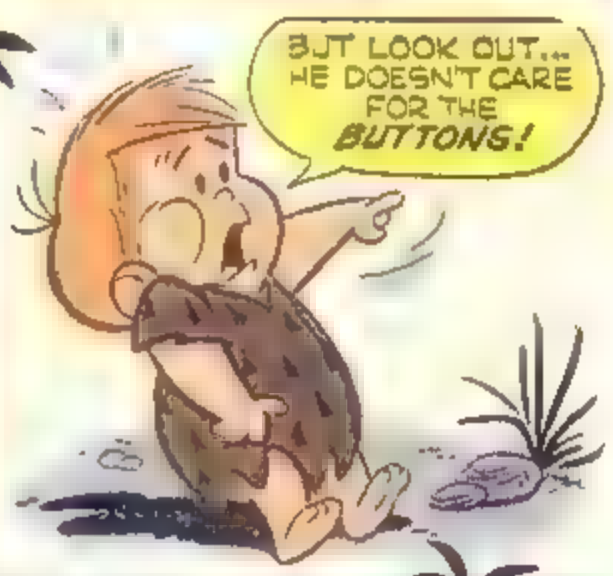
PEBBLES EVEN DONATED THE WHEELS OFF HER CARRIAGE TO BE USED AS BUTTONS!

ABBA DABBA A-H-H.

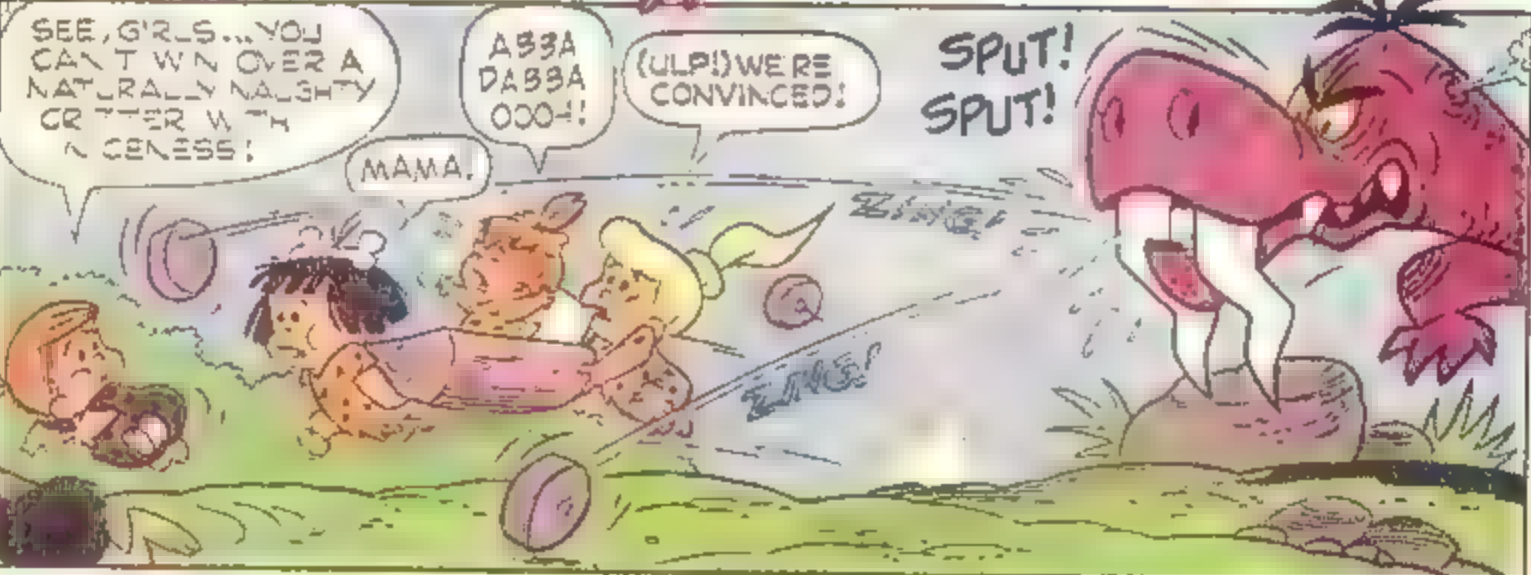
ROONT!



EEK! HE'S EATING THE SWEATER!



BUT LOOK OUT... HE DOESN'T CARE FOR THE BUTTONS!



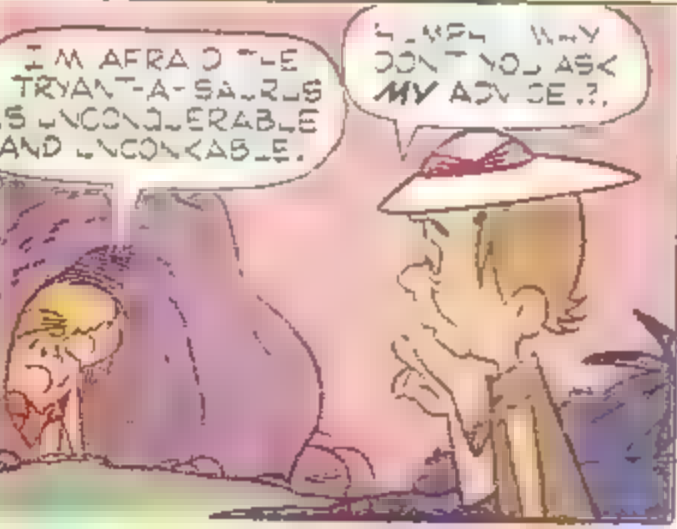
SEE, GIRLS... YOU CAN'T WIN OVER A NATURALLY NAUGHTY CREATURE WITH GENES!

ABBA DABBA OOOH!

(ULP!) WE'RE CONVINCED!

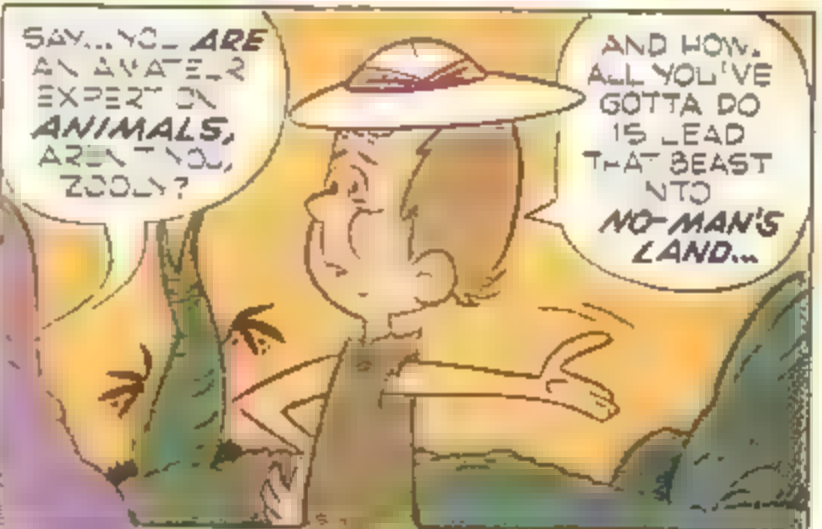
SPUT! SPUT!

MAMA!



I'M AFRAID THE TRYANT-A-SAURS IS UNCONQUERABLE AND UNCONQUABLE.

WELL, WHY DON'T YOU ASK MY ADVICE?



SAY... YOU ARE AN EXPERT ON ANIMALS, AREN'T YOU, ZOOLO?

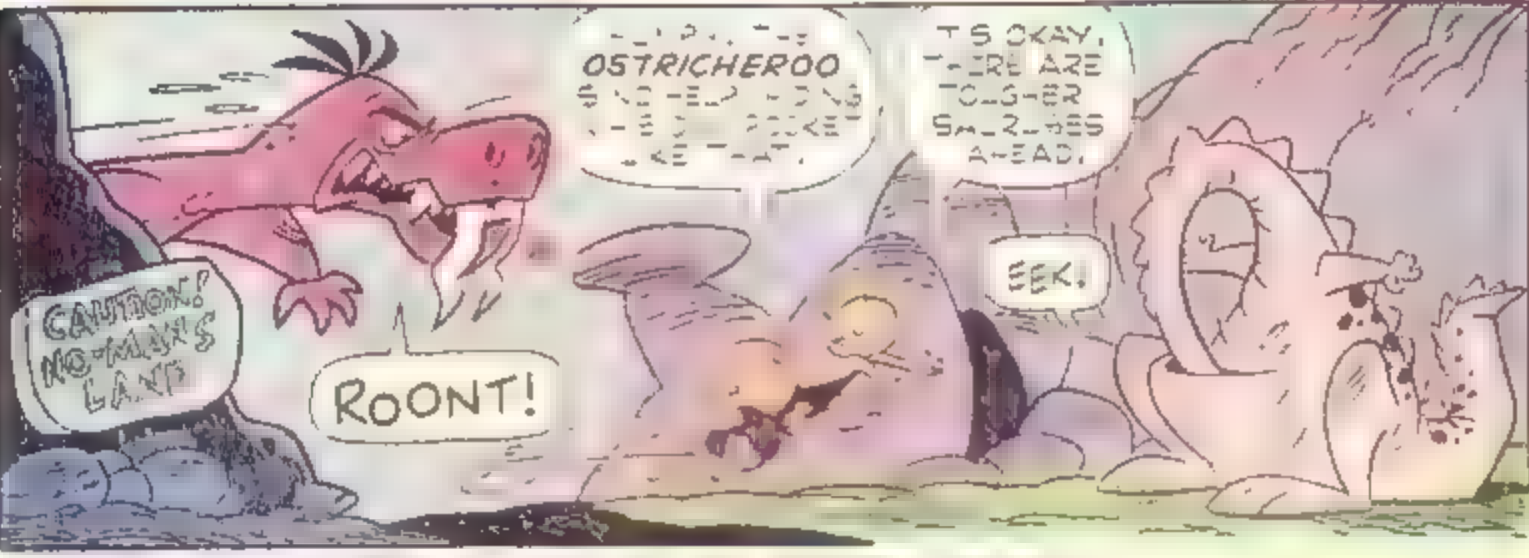
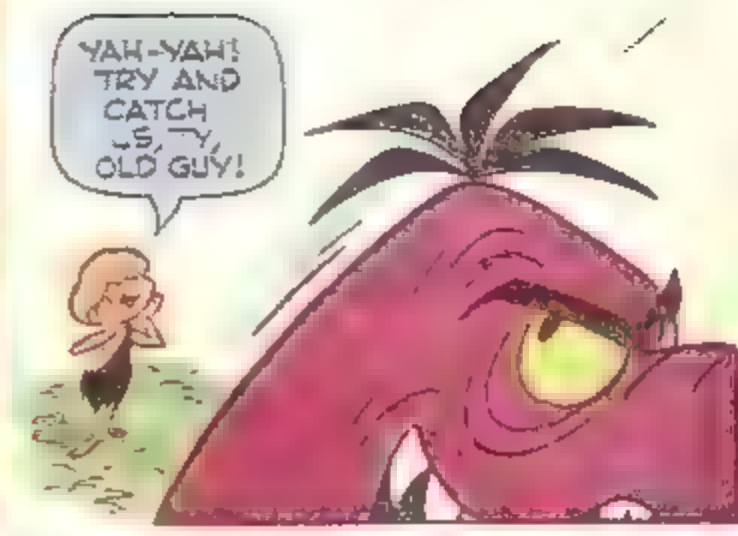
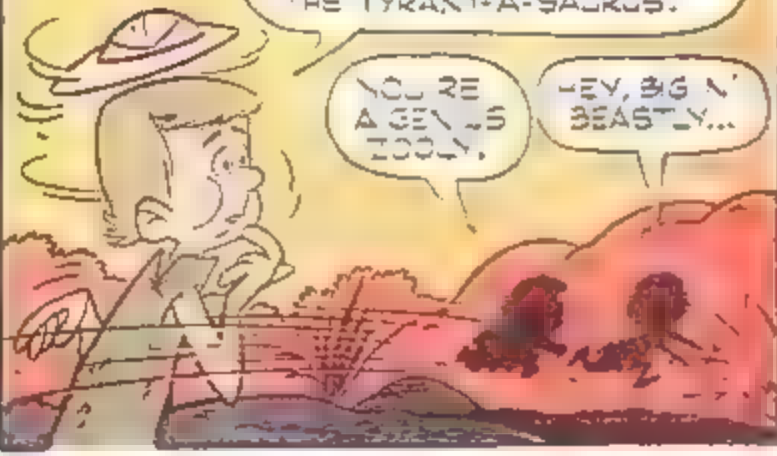
AND NOW, ALL YOU'VE GOTTA DO IS LEAD THAT BEAST INTO NO-MAN'S LAND...

THE MANY MONSTERS WHO LIVE THERE CAN COPE WITH THE TYRANT-A-SALRUS.

YOU'RE A GENIUS TOOLY.

HEY, BIG N' BEASTLY...

YAH-YAH! TRY AND CATCH US, Y' OLD GUY!



OSTRICHEROO

IT'S OKAY, THERE ARE TOUGHER SALRUSES AHEAD.

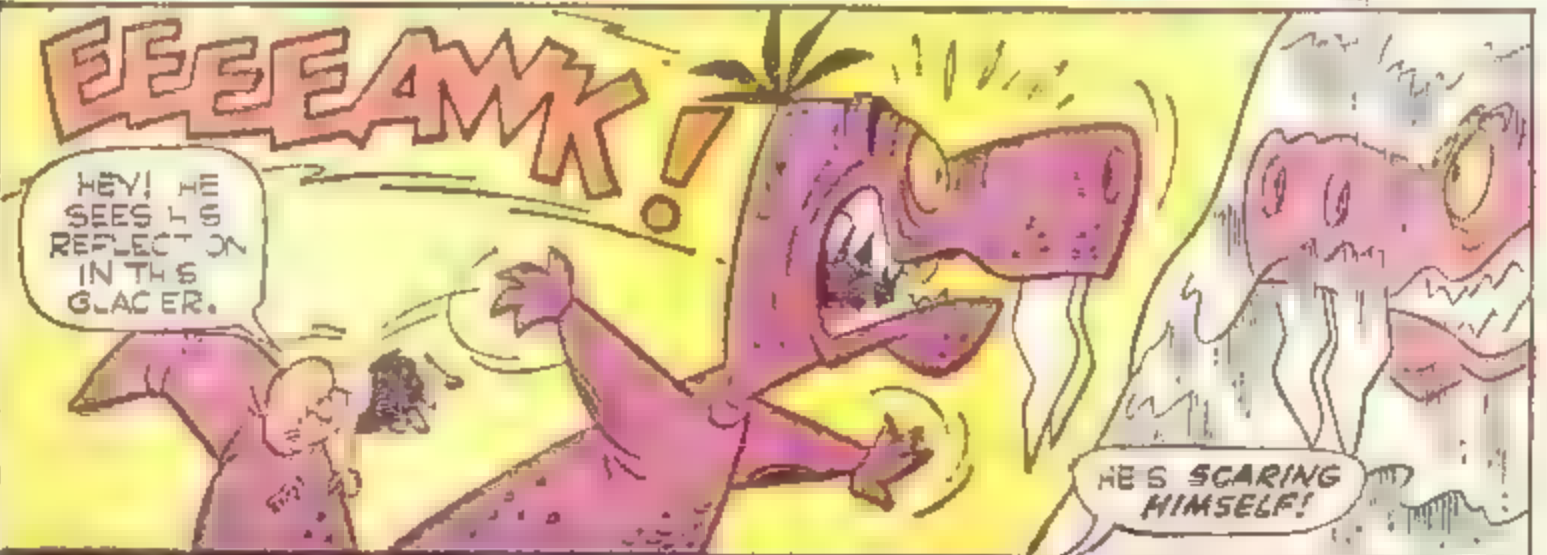
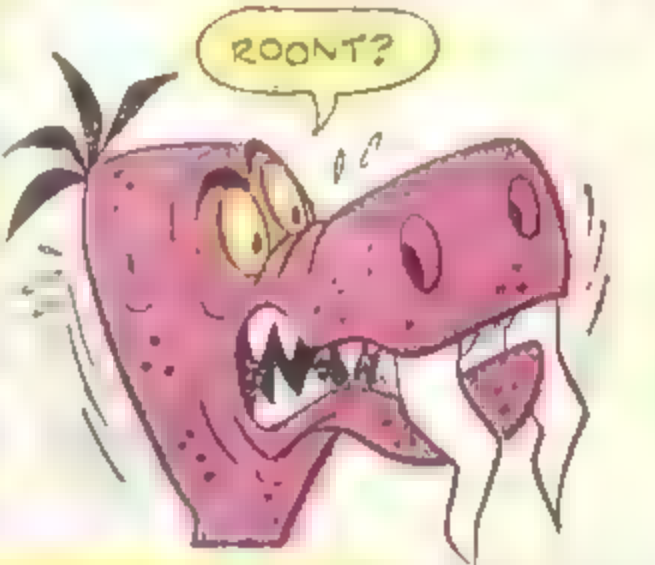
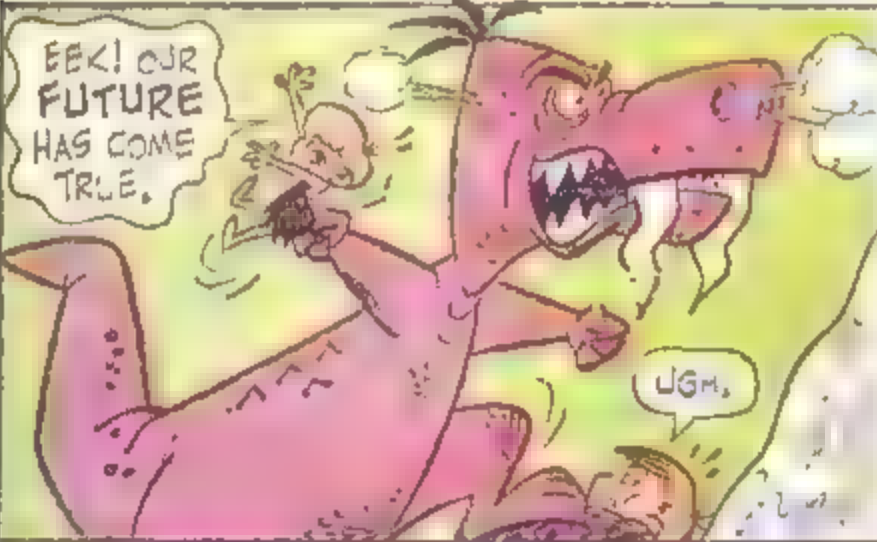
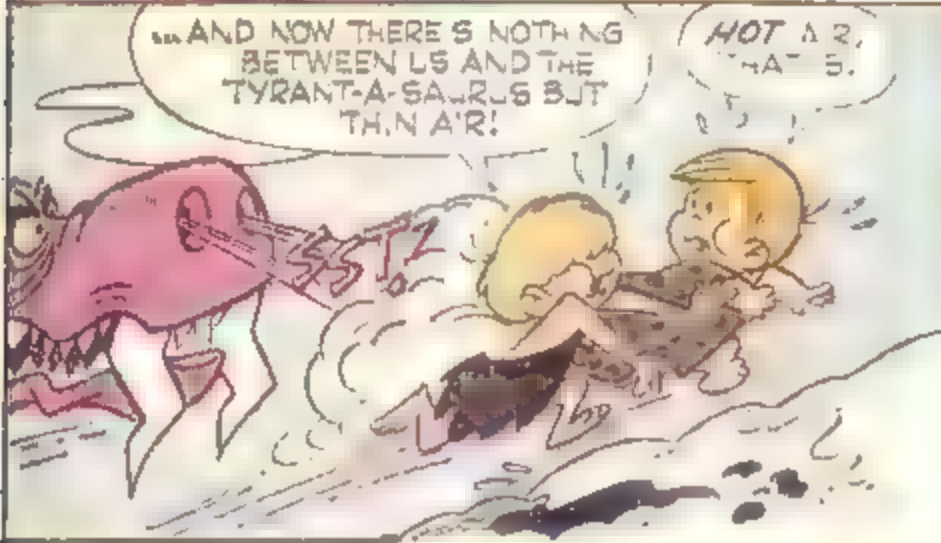
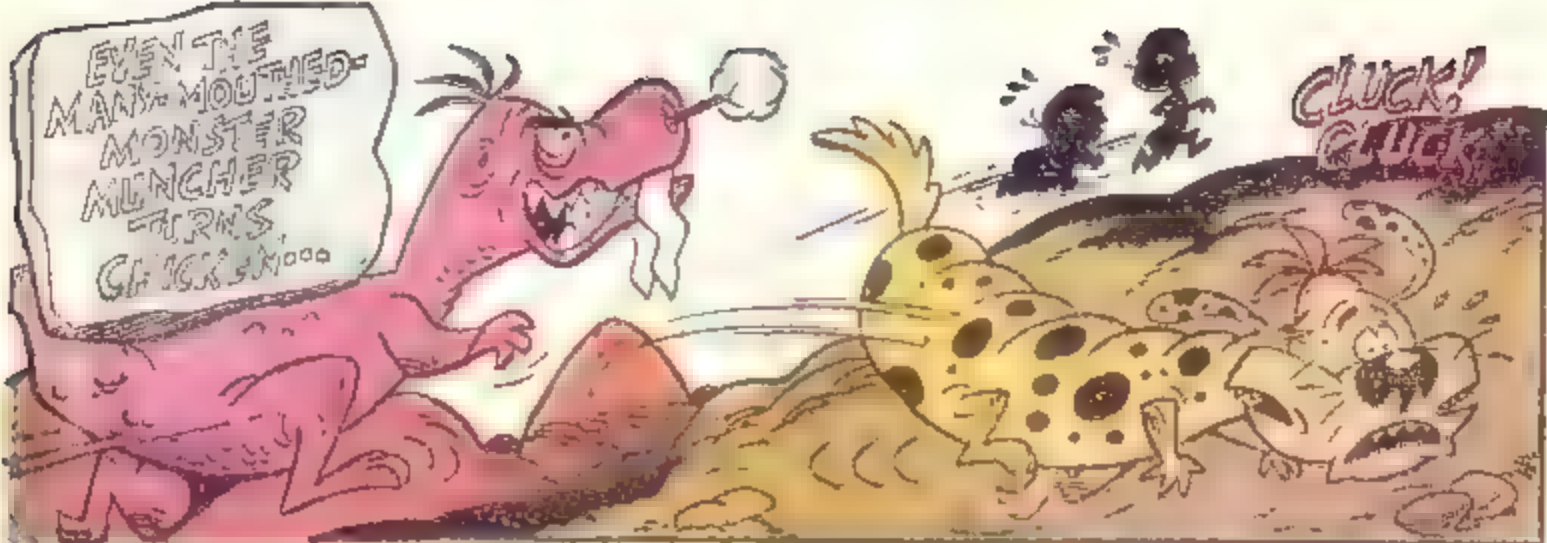
EEEK!

ROONT!

BUT THE TYRANT-A-SALRUS IS SO FEROCIOUS-LOOKING THAT HE PANICS THE FIERCEST OF SALRUSES...



ROONT!

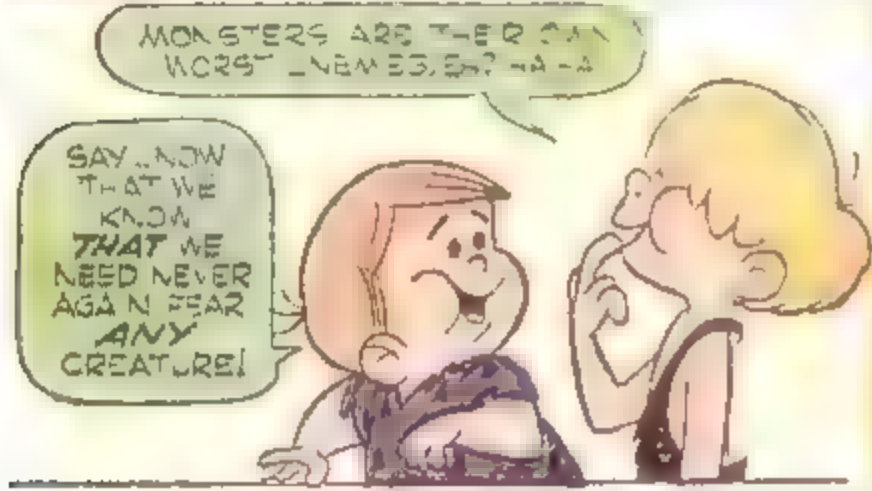




BOY, I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER STOP RUNNING.

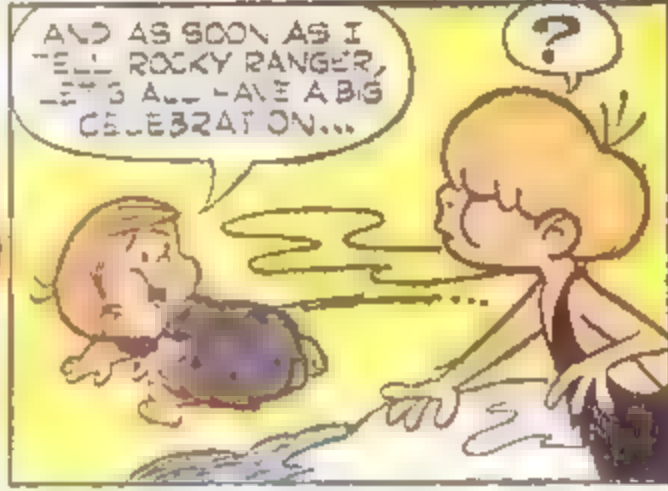
HAPPENS TO EVERY CRITTER THAT LOOKS AT HIMSELF IN ICE.

ESKY MOB



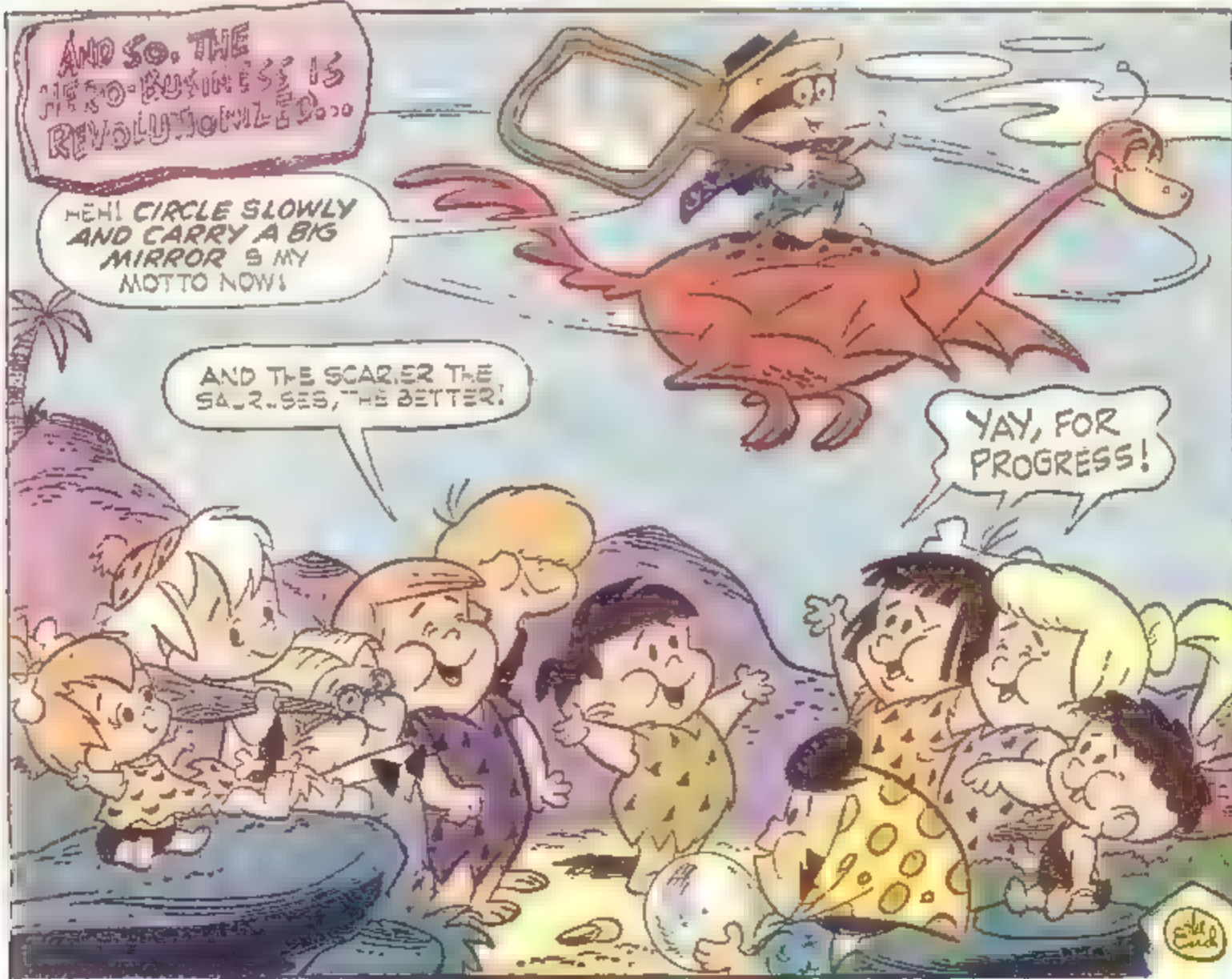
MONSTERS ARE THE WORST - NEVER, EVER - HA - HA

SAY, NOW THAT WE KNOW THAT WE NEED NEVER AGAIN FEAR ANY CREATURE!



AND AS SOON AS I TELL ROCKY RANGER, LET'S ALL HAVE A BIG CELEBRATION...

?



AND SO, THE NEWS-BUSINESS IS REVOLUTIONIZED

HEH! CIRCLE SLOWLY AND CARRY A BIG MIRROR & MY MOTTO NOW!

AND THE SCARIER THE SAURUSES, THE BETTER!

YAY, FOR PROGRESS!

The End

INTERPLANETARY INVADER



"So this is what my son Augie is reading!" said Doggie Daddy, as he picked up a book from the table. It was titled *Clyde Cosmic—Space Age*, and on the cover was a picture of fearless Clyde menaced by a frightful fire-breathing creature.

"Ho ho!" chuckled Daddy. "I wonder if my imaginative offspring really believes this stuff!"

He was about to put the book down when suddenly he heard a shout behind him.

"Don't move a muscle, Dear Dad! You are in dire danger!" yelled Augie.

"Huh?" said Dear Dad, whirling around.

Augie was standing in the doorway, a toy popgun in his hand. At that moment he pulled the trigger, and a cork flew out, hitting Doggie Daddy right on the nose!

"Ouch!" cried Doggie Daddy.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Dear Father!" cried Augie.

"I meant to hit that fire-breathing monster that was going to carry you off to Mars or someplace."

"What . . . ?" began Dad, then caught himself. "Oh, yeah, THAT monster! If you hadn't come along and scared him off, I'd sure be on my way to Mars or someplace! Thanks a lot, my dear courageous son!"

"That's all right, Precious Pafer!" said Augie, as he ran outside. "Now I have to go

and fight off some more interplanetary invaders who want to take over Earth."

"Heh heh!" chuckled Doggie Daddy. "What an imagination that son of mine has!"

He looked out of the window. Augie was in the back yard huddled in a barrel, with an old pot on his head.

"Prepare for landing!" he shouted. "Activate reverse thrust rockets!" and then, to some imaginary person at his side, he said, "I hope the creatures on this planet are friendly, Clyde, but keep your superfrazzle ray gun at the ready!"

Then Doggie Daddy got an idea. "I think I will have a little fun with my imaginative young son."

He got an old lamp shade and painted a big green eye on it. Then he put it on his head and wrapped a blanket around himself and he sneaked out through the back door.

Augie was busy in his barrel, fighting off imaginary creatures with his popgun.

"Zap! Got you!" he cried. "That'll teach you space monsters to tangle with us brave Earthlings."

Dad thought this was a good time, so he crept around the corner of the house on all fours and let out a wild screech.

"Earthlings, go home!" he shrieked, "or be destroyed!"

Augie swung around, his eyes wide with astonishment. "Go back, you monster!" he cried. "Or I'll ZAP you, too!"

Augie pulled the trigger of the popgun but nothing happened. Then he frantically threw away the useless weapon and grabbed a stick. Whap! Crack! Augie yielded a vicious blow right on his father's lampshade!

"Like I said," yelled Augie, "that'll teach you space monsters to tangle with us Earthlings! Now leave! Scram!"

Poor, beat Doggie Daddy made a hasty retreat into the house, leaving the field to his triumphant son.

Moments later, Augie came running into the house. "Dad! Dear Dad!" he shouted. "I just clobbered a real, live space monster! I really did! And it wasn't an imaginary monster, either!"

"I believe you, strong armed son of mine," replied Doggie Daddy, rubbing his head. Then he said to himself, "I only wish this bump on my head was imaginary!"

Hanna-Barbera

THE GRUESOMES

HOME, HORRID HOME



WE RDLY GETS MEANER ALL THE TIME!

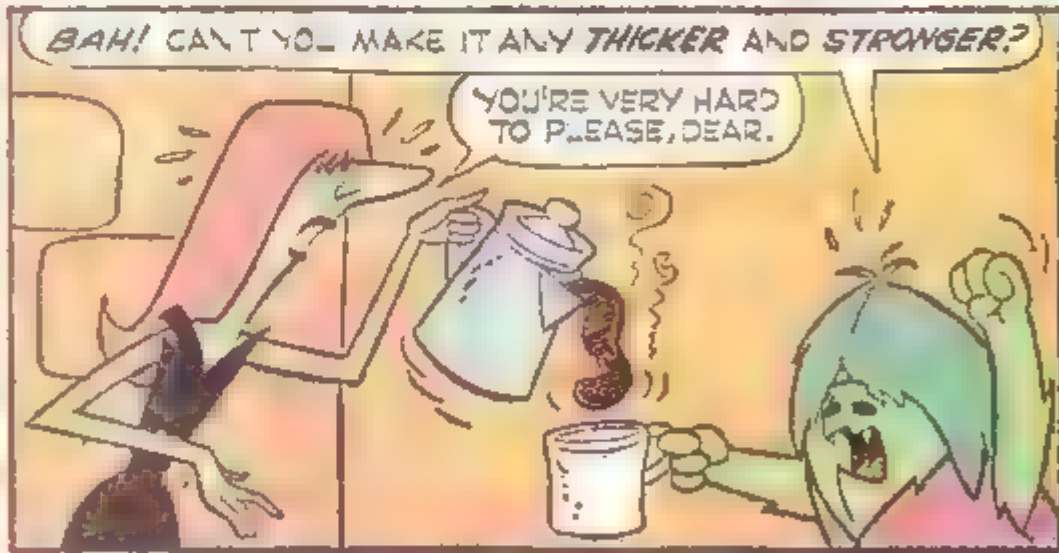
OUT OF MY SIGHT SCENE DEER, NO! SORRY EXCUSE FOR A PET.

HISS!



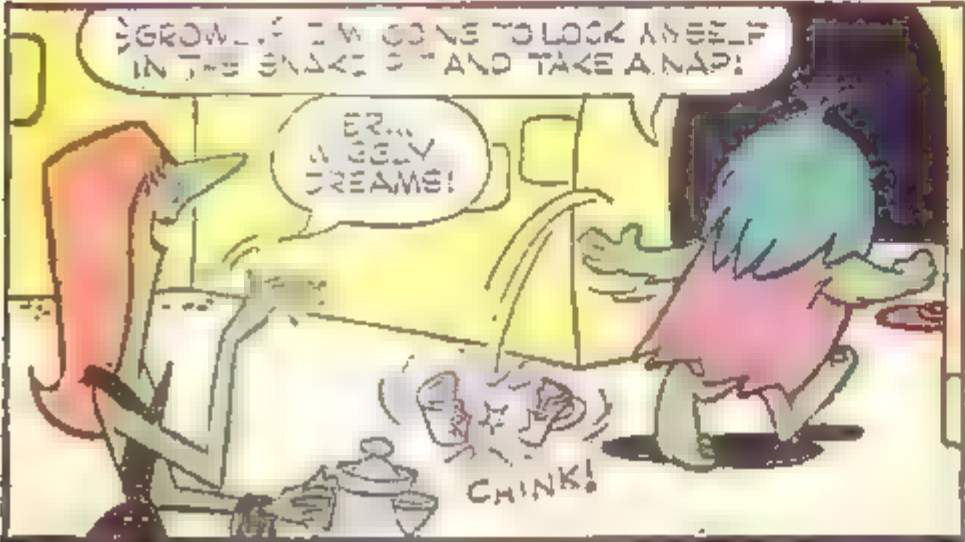
WHERE'S MY COFFEE, CREEPELLA?

COMING, DEAR!



BAH! CAN'T YOU MAKE IT ANY THICKER AND STRONGER?

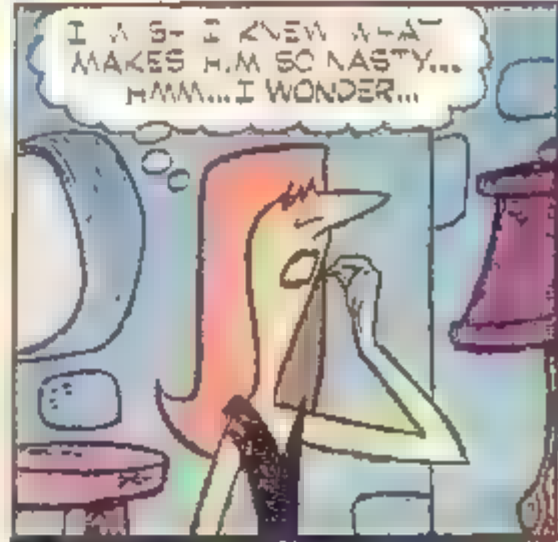
YOU'RE VERY HARD TO PLEASE, DEAR.



GROWL! I'VE GONE TO LOCK MYSELF IN THE SHED AND TAKE A NAP!

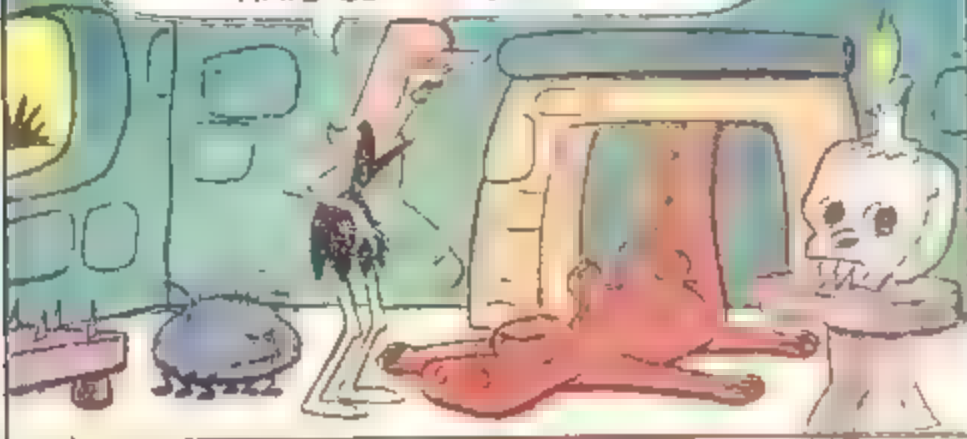
ER... A GELLY DREAMS!

CHINK!



I A S- I KNEW A-A- MAKES H.M SO NASTY... HMM... I WONDER...

THE LIVING ROOM IS RATHER DRAB!
COULD BE THE SORRY-SURROUNDINGS
HAVE GOT HIM DOWN!

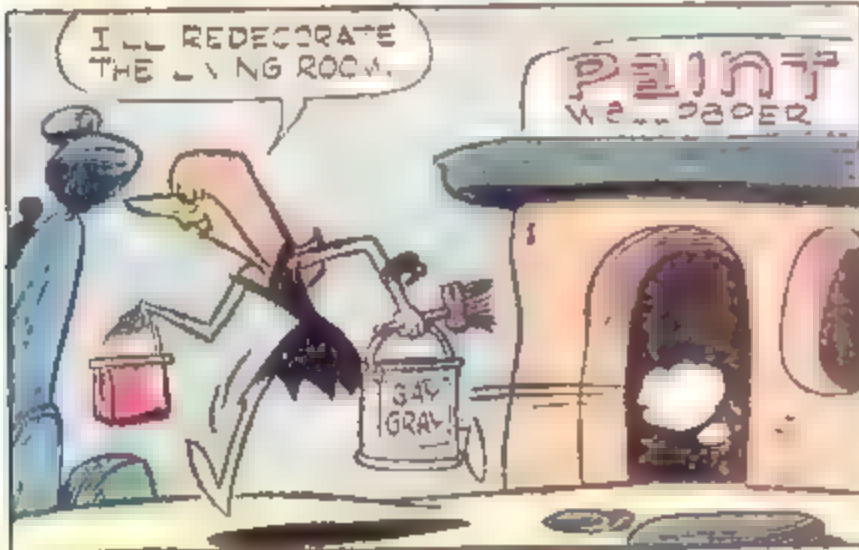


WELL, I'LL FIX THAT
IN A SWIFT JIFFY.



I'LL REDECORATE
THE LIVING ROOM.

PAINT
WALLPAPER

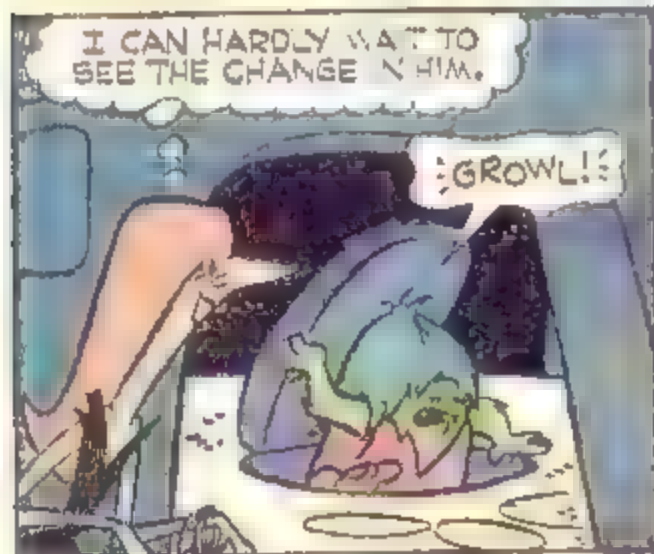


...AND THEREBY JOLLY-UP
MY SOLE SWEETIE!



I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO
SEE THE CHANGE 'N HIM.

!GROWL!:



...AND GETTING SORRY-TRAP FOR ME?

OH-AY.



SHORTLY

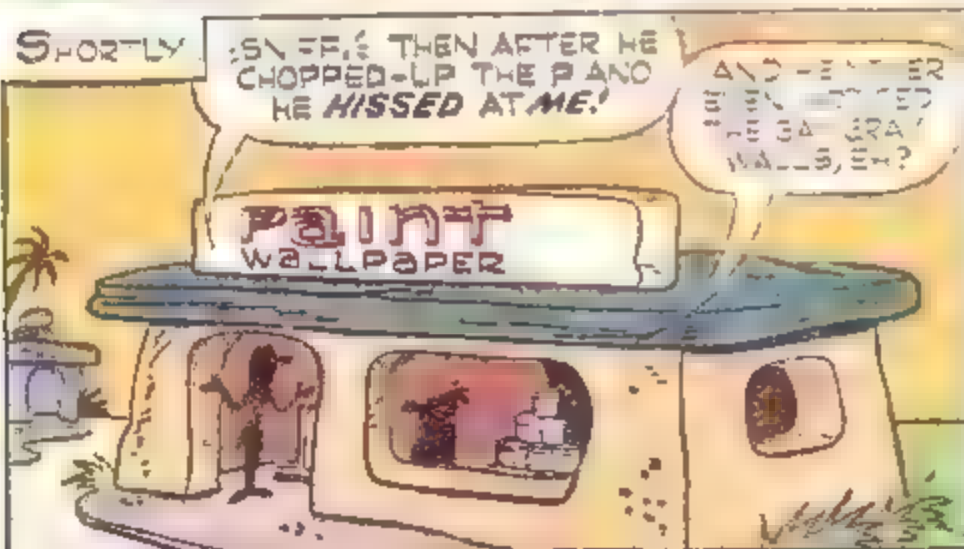
!SNIFE! THEN AFTER HE
CHOPPED-UP THE PIANO
HE HISSED AT ME!

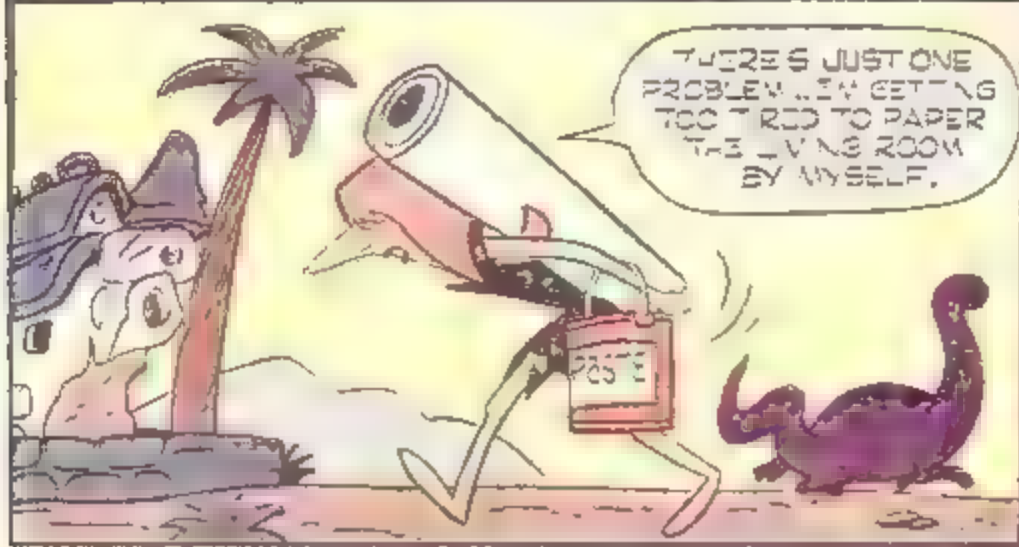
AND HEETER
SHE HISSED AT
THE GAY GRAY
WALLS, EX?

PAINT
WALLPAPER

PERHAPS ALL THE
WALLS ARE BLACK AND
BLUE WALLPAPER!

OH-AY!

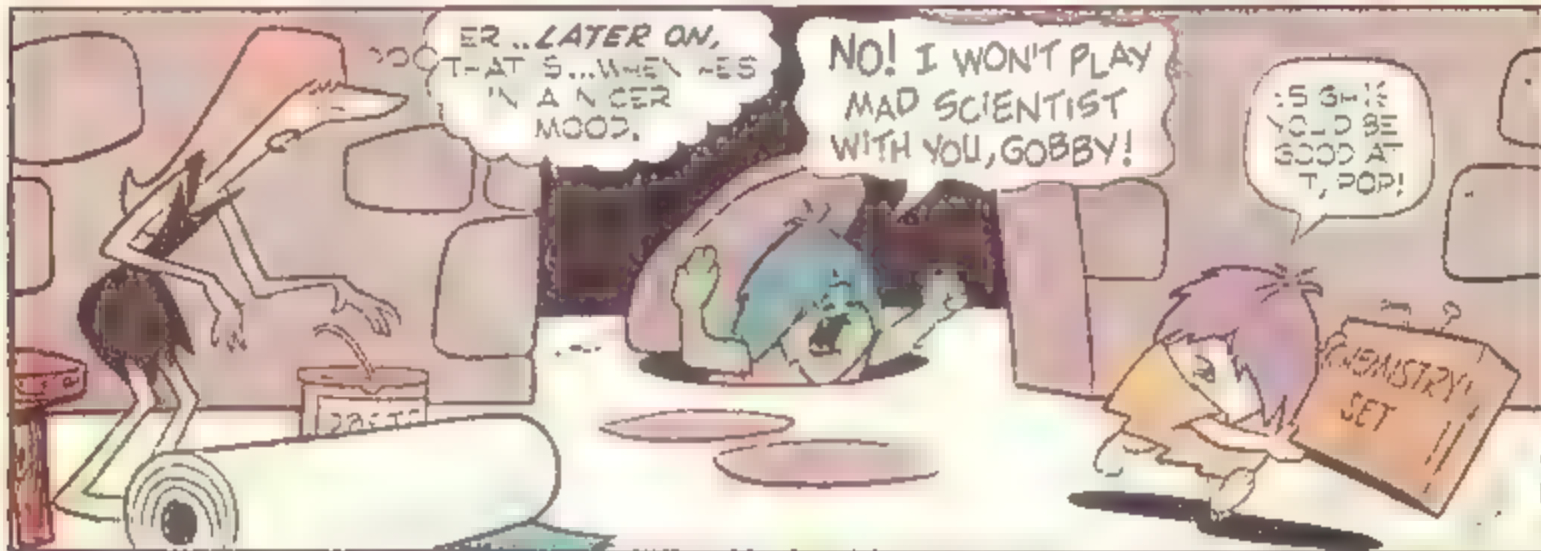




THERE'S JUST ONE PROBLEM... I'M GETTING TOO TIRED TO PAPER THE LIVING ROOM BY MYSELF.



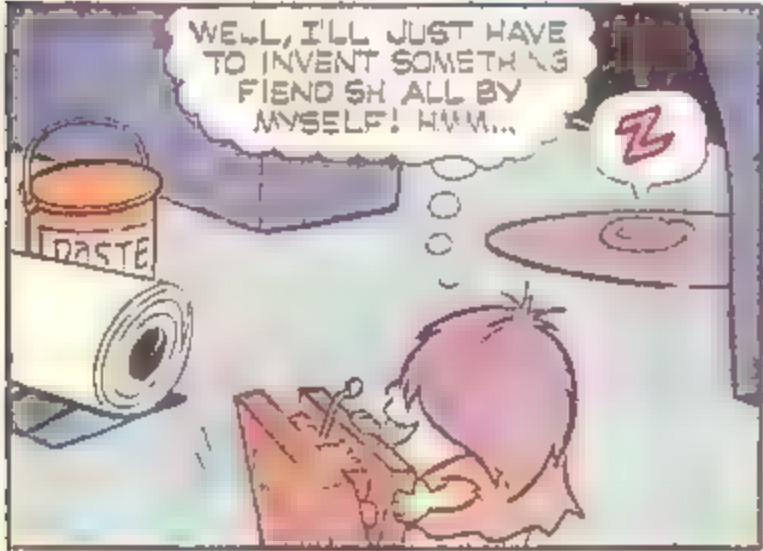
I KNOW! I'LL ASK WEIRDLY TO HELP ME!



ER... LATER ON, THAT IS... WHEN WE'RE IN A NICER MOOD.

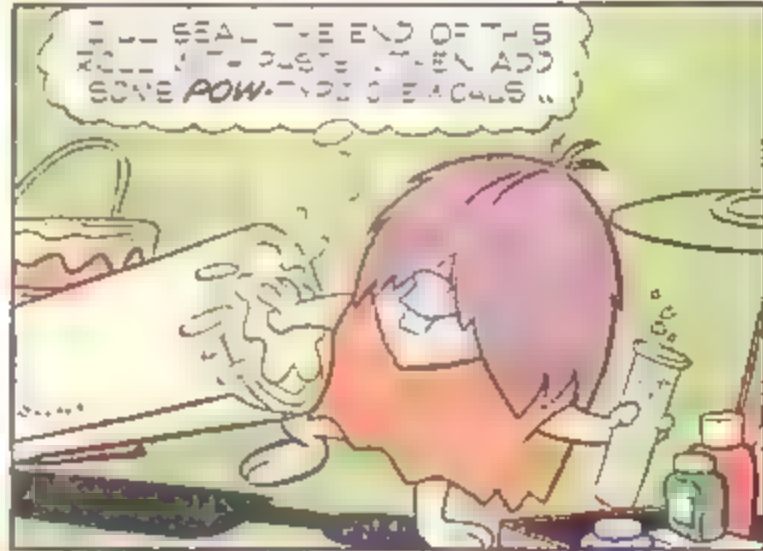
NO! I WON'T PLAY MAD SCIENTIST WITH YOU, GOBBY!

SHOULD BE GOOD AT IT, POP!

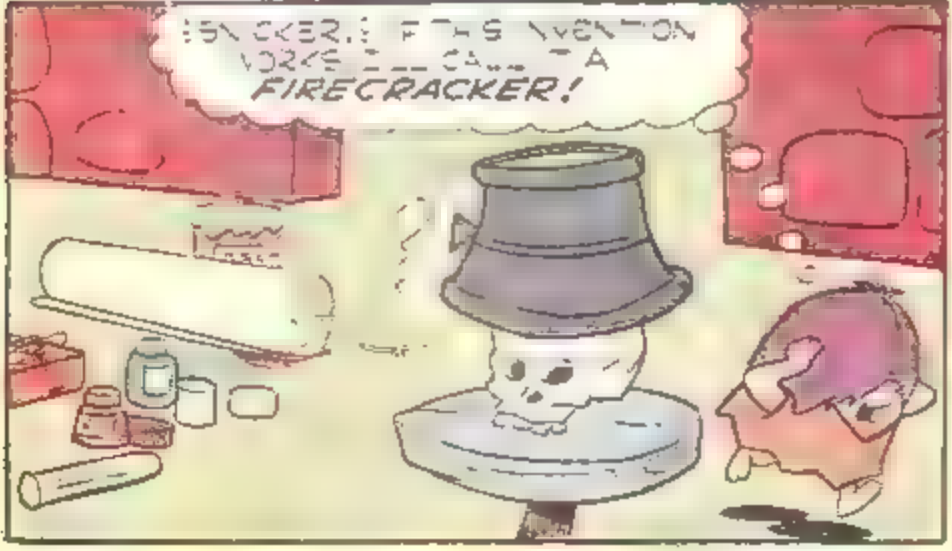


WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO INVENT SOMETHING FIENDISH ALL BY MYSELF! HMM...

Z

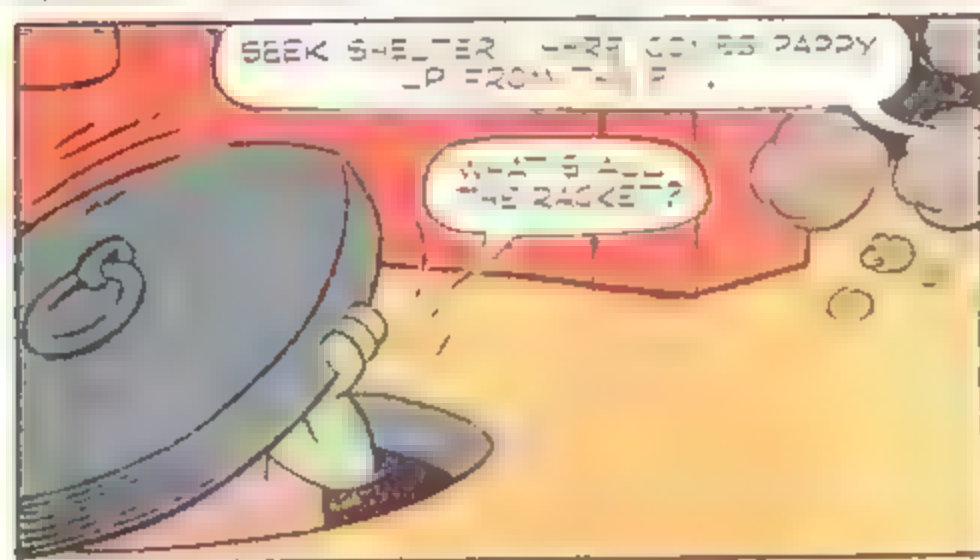
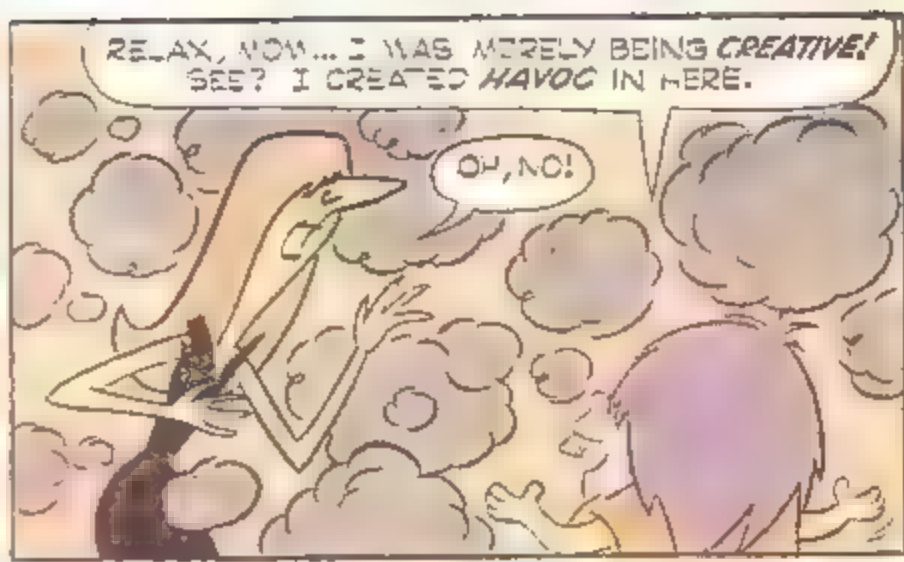
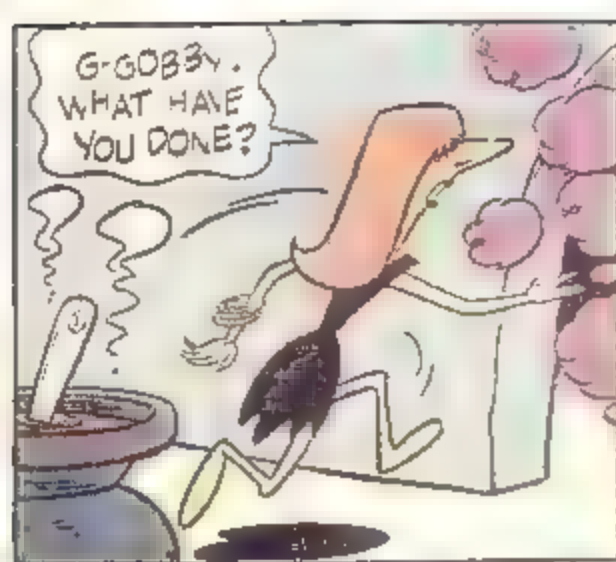


I'LL SEAL THE END OF THIS ROLL WITH PASTE... THEN ADD SOME POW-DERED SEACALS...



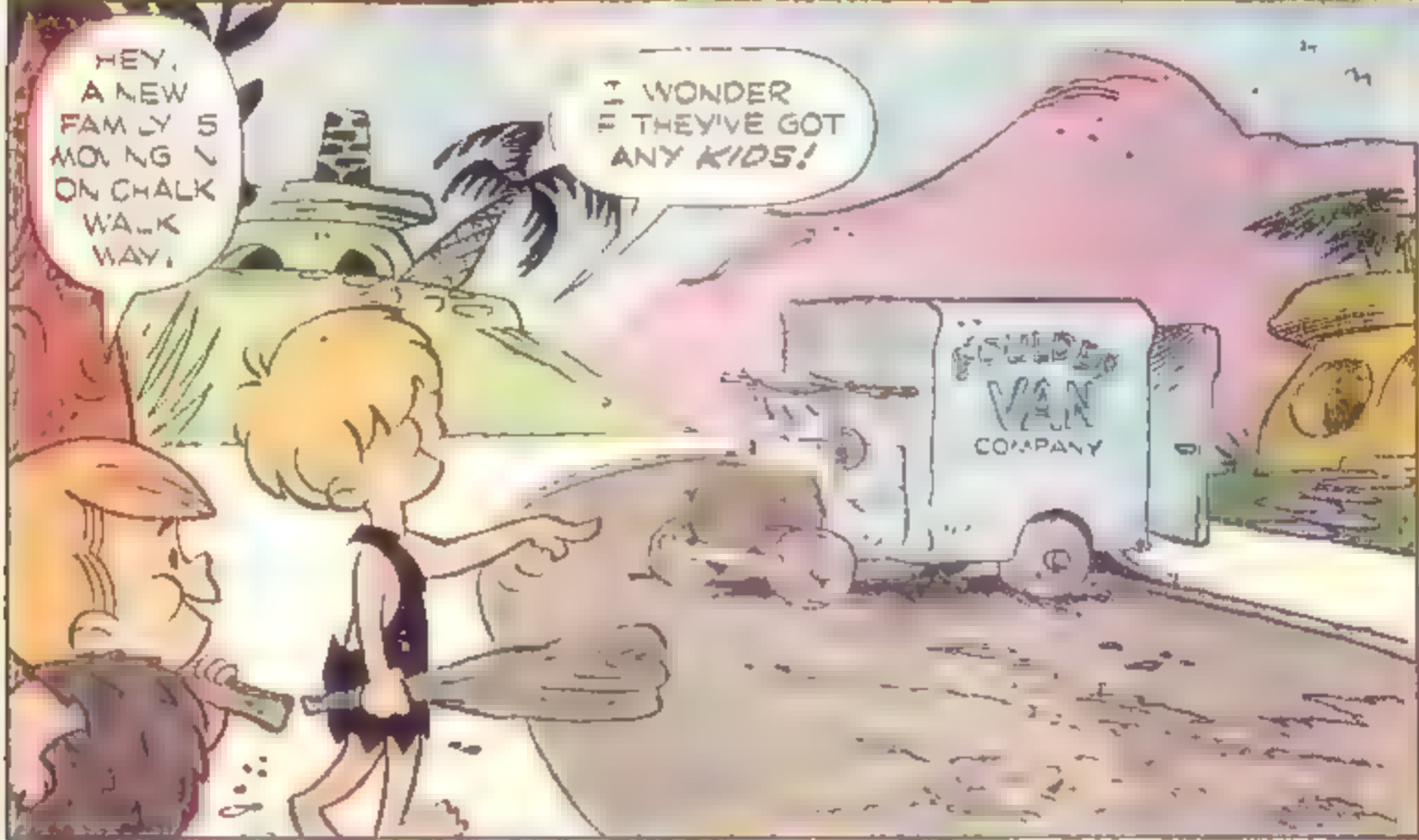
SNICKER... THIS INVENTION WORKS... CALLS IT A FIRECRACKER!





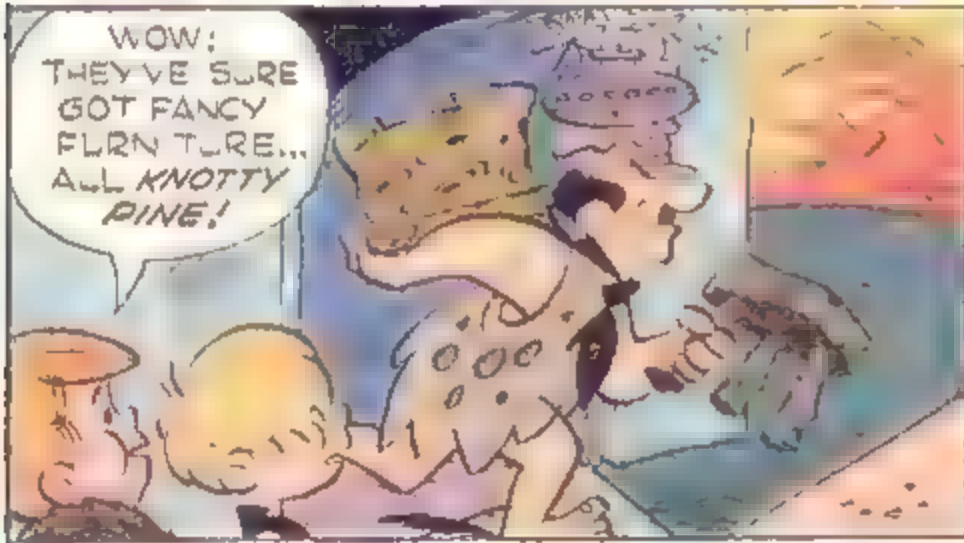
CAVE KIDS

KNOTTY BUT NICE



HEY, A NEW FAMILY'S MOVING IN ON CHALK WALK WAY.

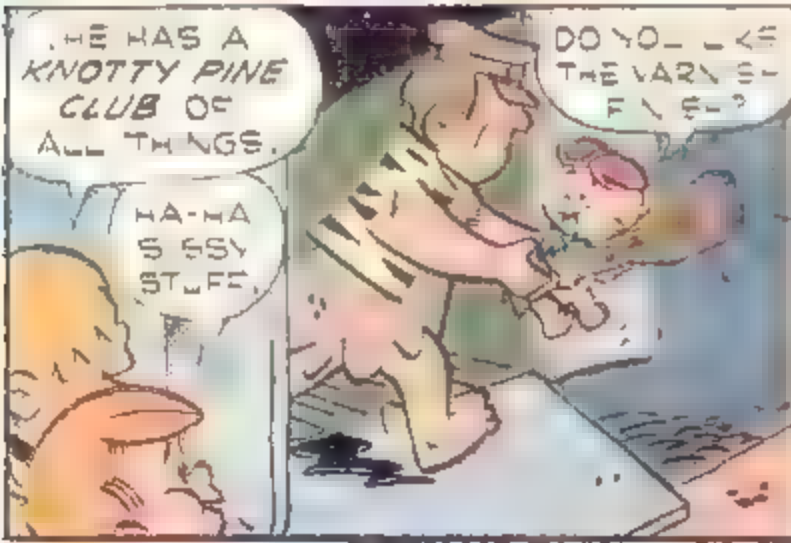
I WONDER IF THEY'VE GOT ANY KIDS!



WOW! THEY'VE SURE GOT FANCY FLRN TURE... ALL KNOTTY PINE!



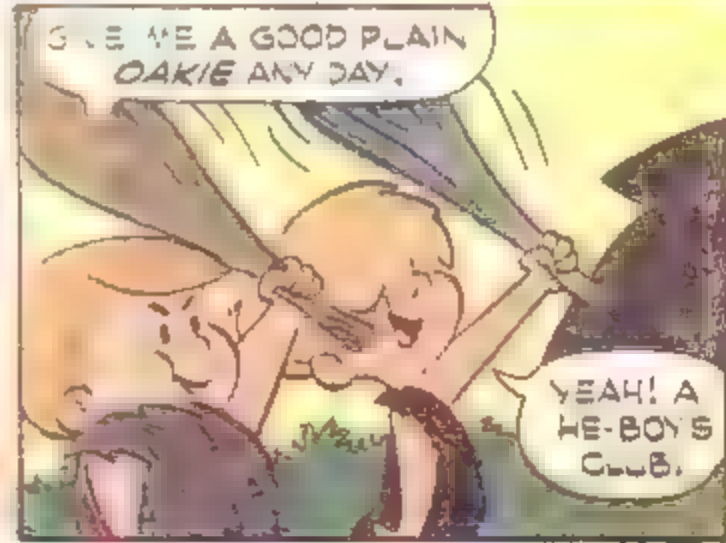
LOOK, THEY DO HAVE A KID AND HE'S FANCY, TOO!



HE HAS A KNOTTY PINE CLUB OF ALL THINGS.

DO YOU LIKE THE VARNISHES?

HA-HA SASSY STUFF.



GIVE ME A GOOD PLAIN OAKIE ANY DAY.

YEAH! A HE-BOYS CLUB.

ER...WON'T YOU PLAY WITH ME, FELLOW CHILDREN?

LH-LH...NEVER!

WHO WANTS TO BE SEEN WITH A KNOTTY-PINE PACKIN' PERCY?

SNIFF! THEY WON'T EVEN GVE ME A CHANCE!

GRROOOOFF!!

E EK! A TOOTHISAURUS!

TCH-TCH! THE R GOOD OLD "OAKIE" CLUBS ARE QUITE INADEQUATE WEAPONS!

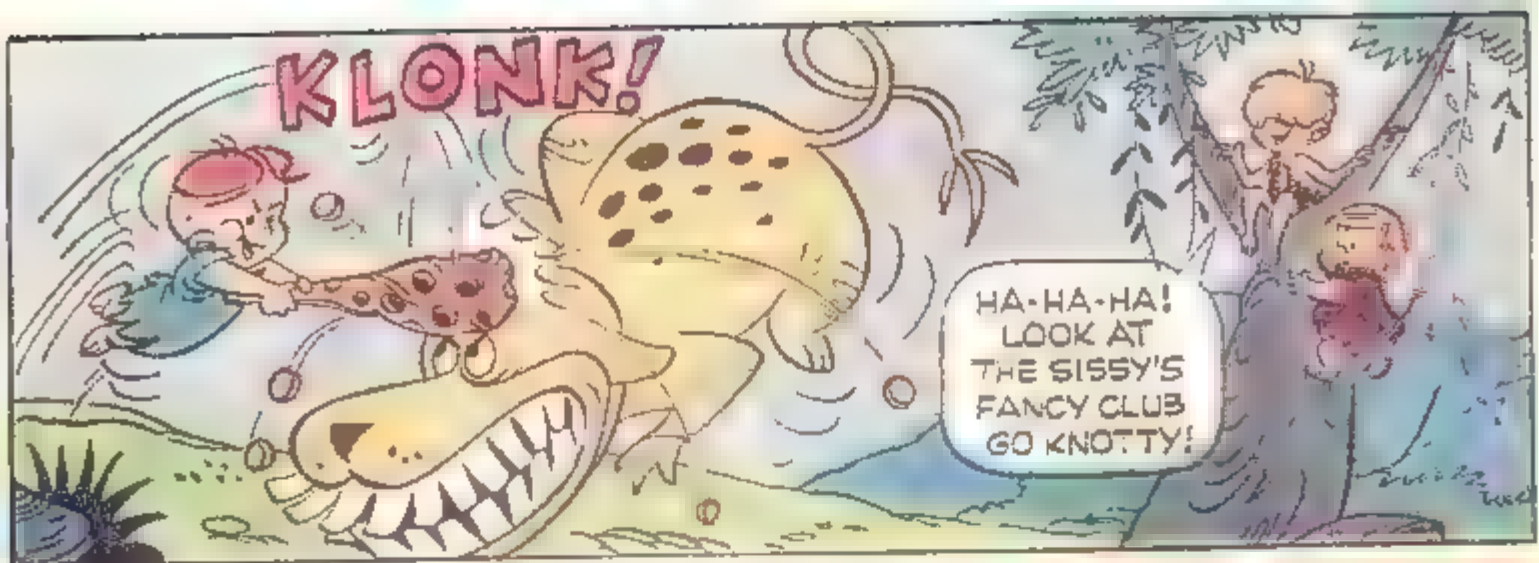
BASH!

GNASH!

RUN! FLEE!

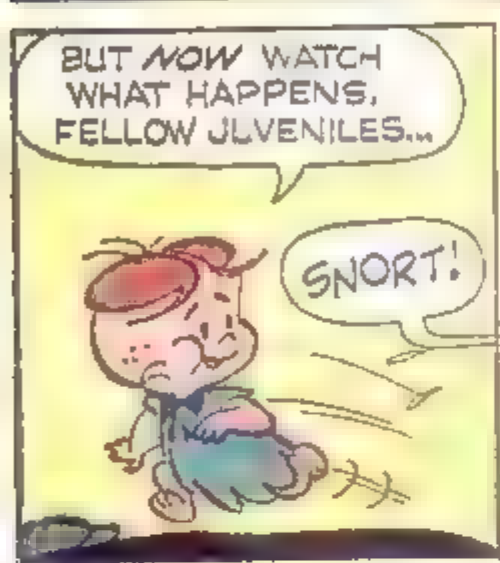
SNORT!

TUT-TUT, FELLOWS...WATCH ME... OLIVER ONYX!



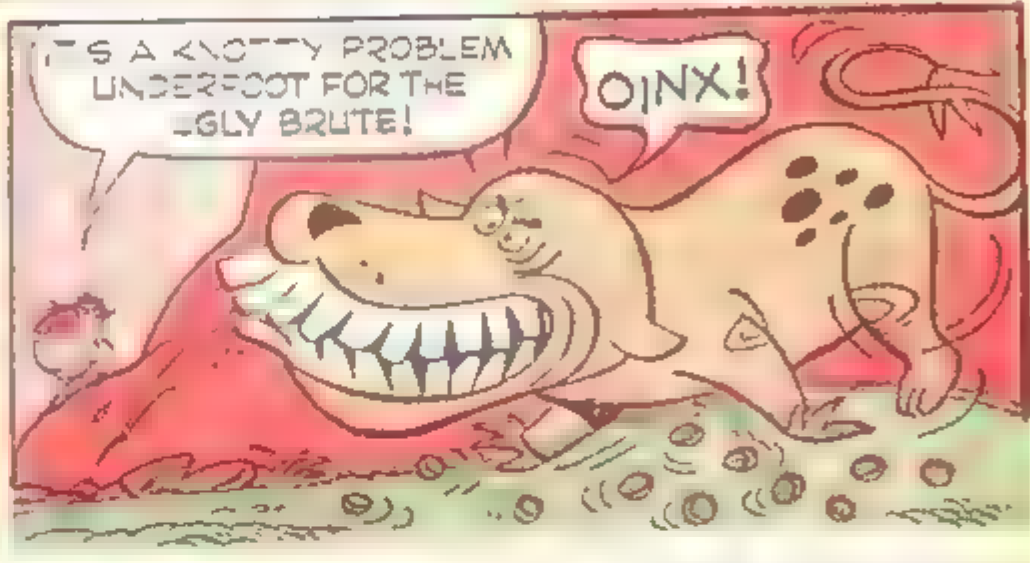
KLONK!

HA-HA-HA!
LOOK AT
THE SISSY'S
FANCY CLUB
GO KNOTTY!



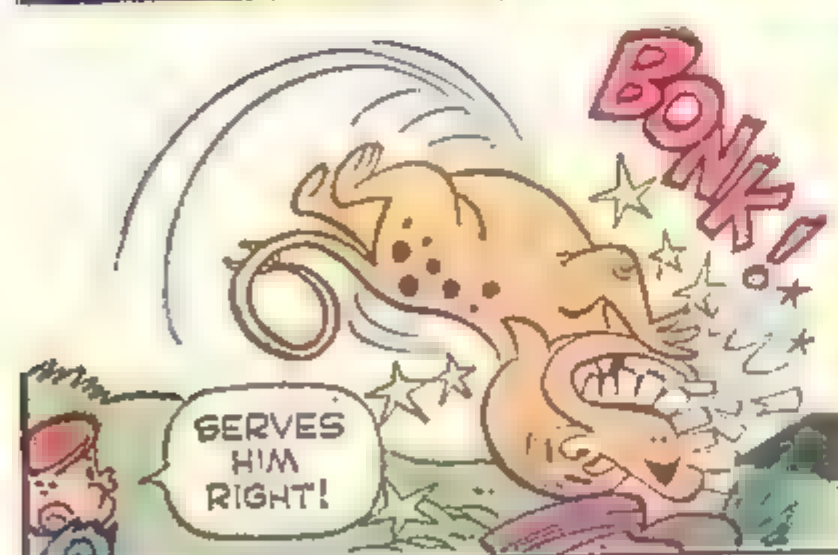
BUT NOW WATCH
WHAT HAPPENS,
FELLOW JUVENILES...

SNORT!



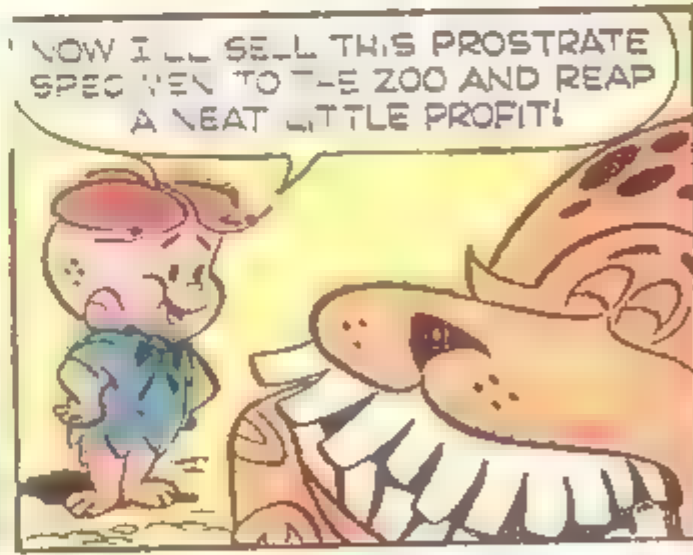
IT'S A KNOTTY PROBLEM
UNDERFOOT FOR THE
UGLY BRUTE!

OINX!

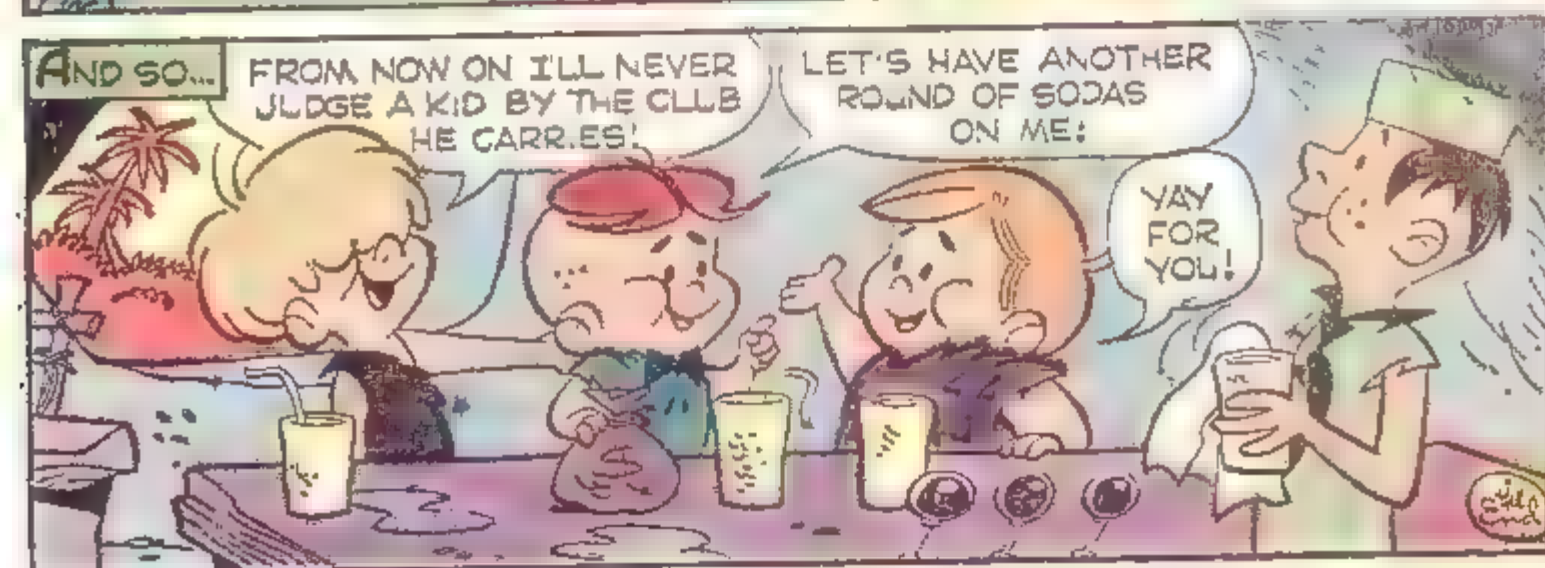


BONK!

SERVES
HIM
RIGHT!



NOW I'LL SELL THIS PROSTRATE
SPECIMEN TO THE ZOO AND REAP
A NEAT LITTLE PROFIT!



AND SO...

FROM NOW ON I'LL NEVER
JUDGE A KID BY THE CLUB
HE CARRIES!

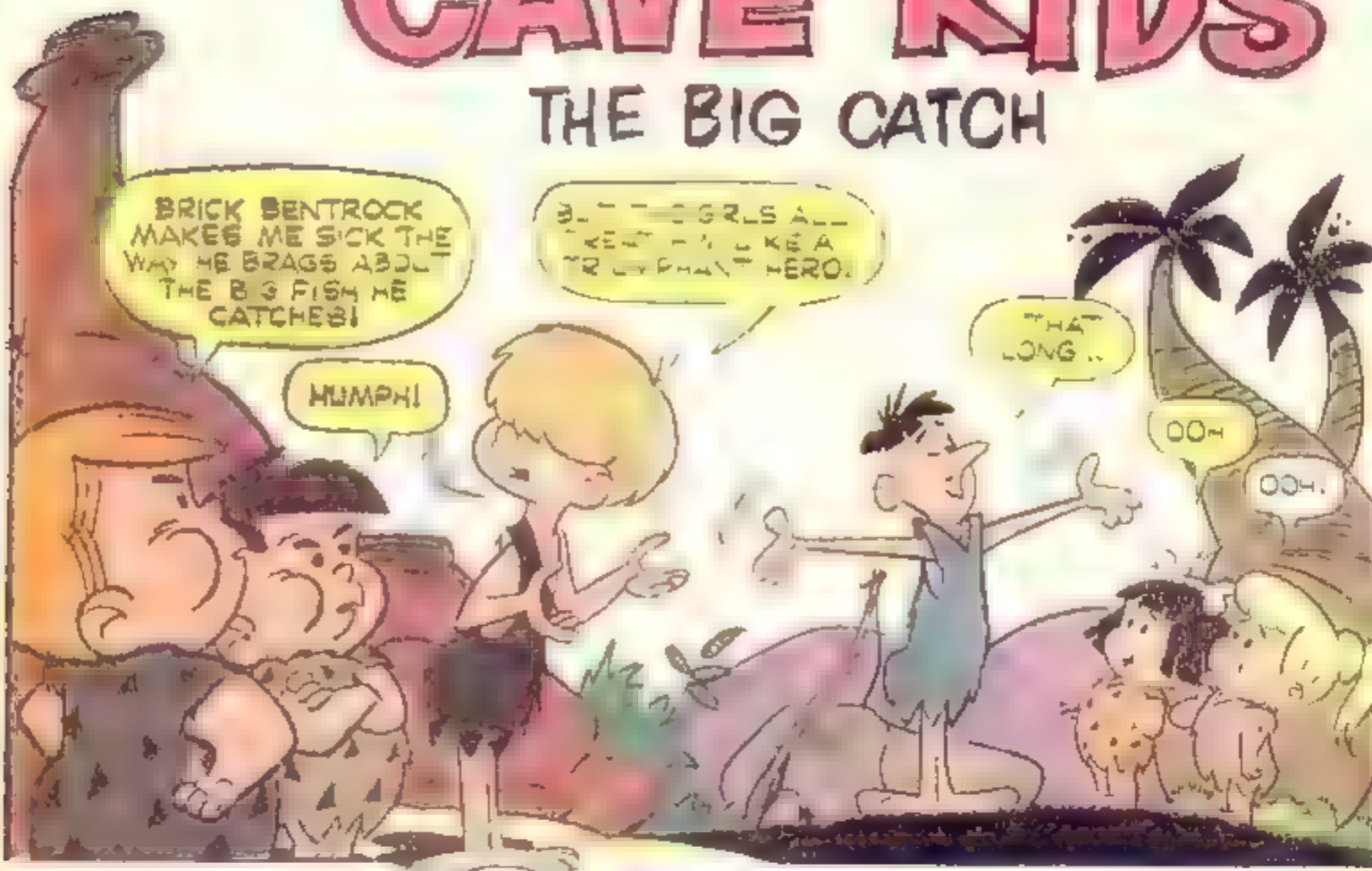
LET'S HAVE ANOTHER
ROUND OF SODAS
ON ME!

YAY
FOR
YOU!



CAVE KIDS

THE BIG CATCH



BRICK BENTROCK
MAKES ME SICK THE
WAY HE BRAGS ABOUT
THE BIG FISH HE
CATCHES!

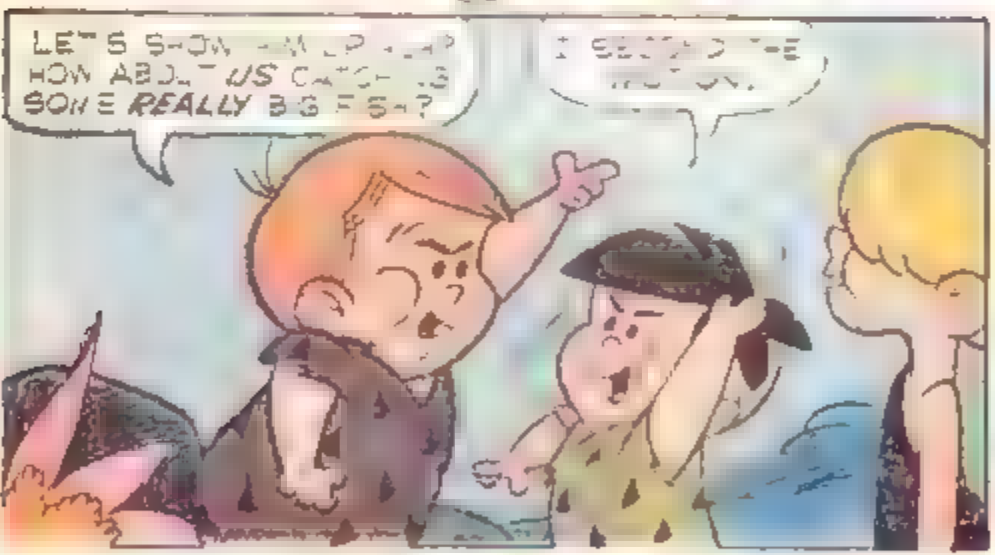
ALL THE GIRLS ALL
WANT TO BE A
TRUMPET HERO!

HUMPH!

THAT
LONG..

OOH

OOH.

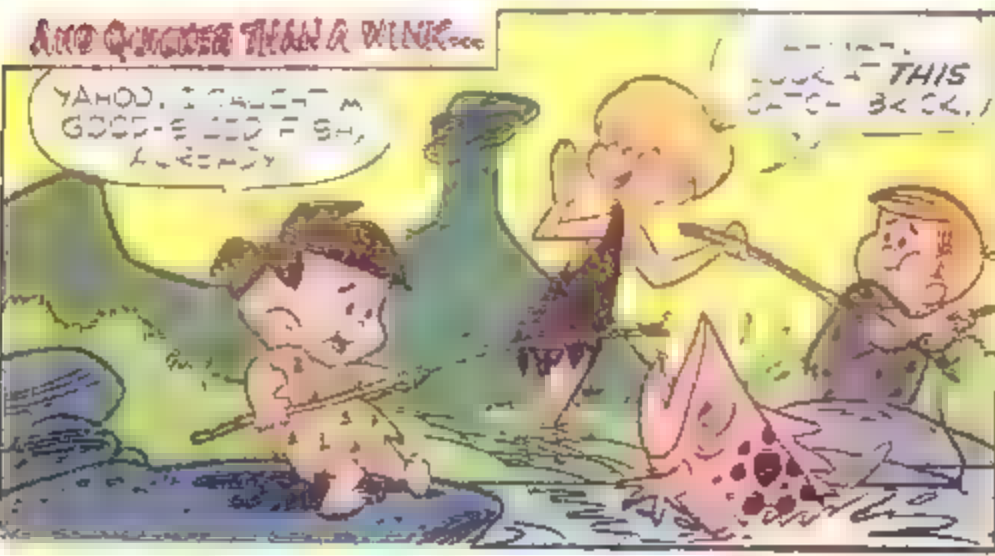


LET'S SHOW THEM UP AND
HOW ABOUT US CATCHING
SOME REALLY BIG FISH?

I SECOND THE
MOTION.



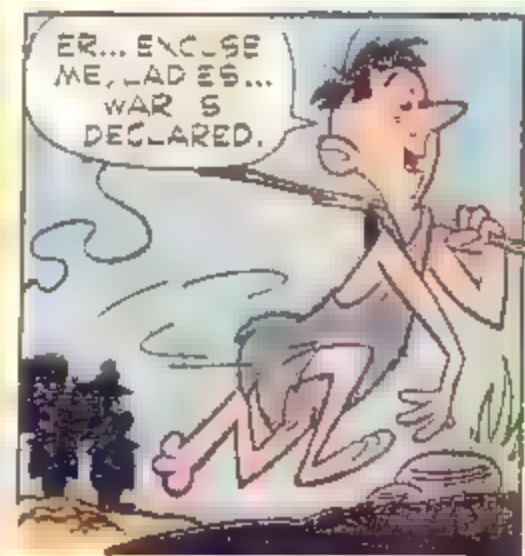
LAST ONE TO GET HIS
BAT WET IS A TONGUE-
TIED PARROT.



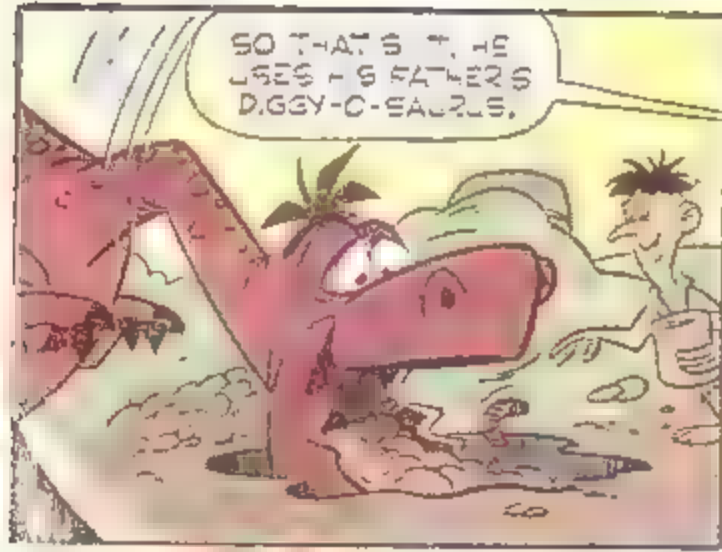
AND QUICKER THAN A WINK...

YAHOO, I CAUGHT A
GOOD-LEED FISH,
ALREADY

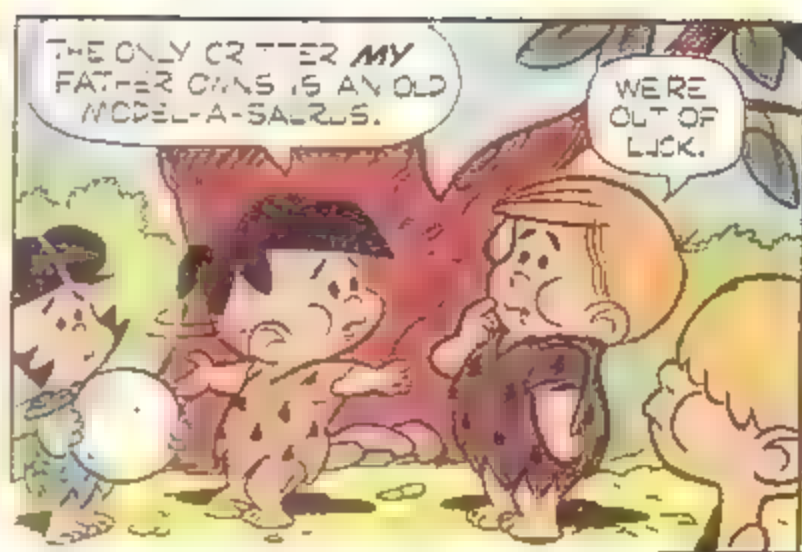
LOOK AT THIS
CATCH - BRACK!



ER... EXCUSE
ME, LADIES...
WAR'S
DECLARED.



SO THAT'S T, HE USES HIS FATHER'S DIGGY-C-SAUZLS.



THE ONLY CRITTER MY FATHER OWNS IS AN OLD MODEL-A-SAUZLS.

WE'RE OUT OF LICK.



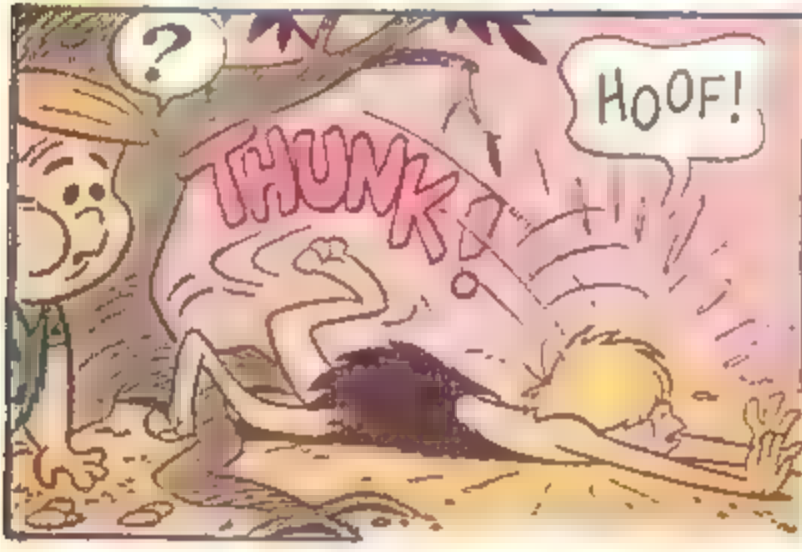
BUT LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND HARD-FLOOR VALLEY. JUST IN CASE

YEAH! MABE A BIG WORM WILL COME UP FOR A SUN BATH.

RED-FLOOR VALLEY

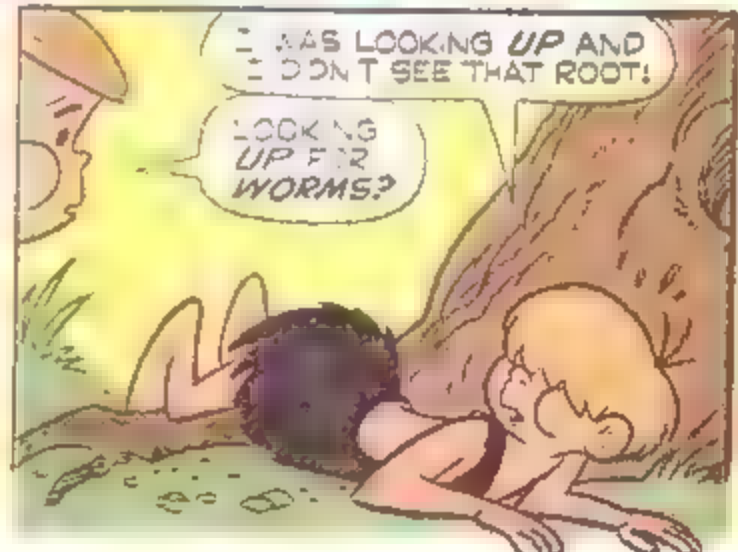


KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, MEN!



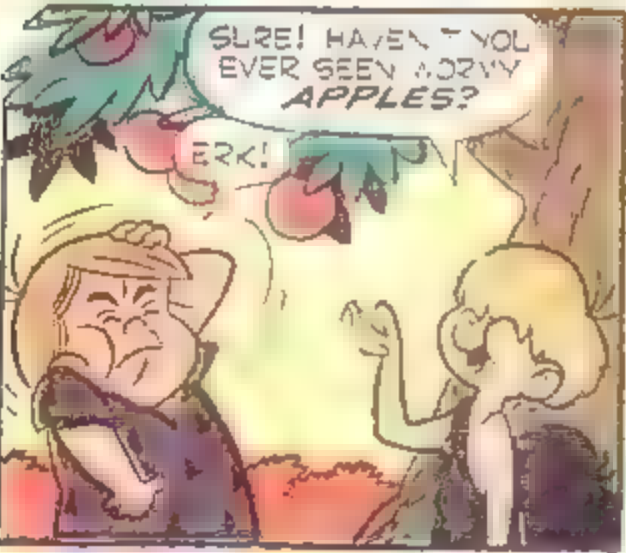
HOOF!

THUNK!



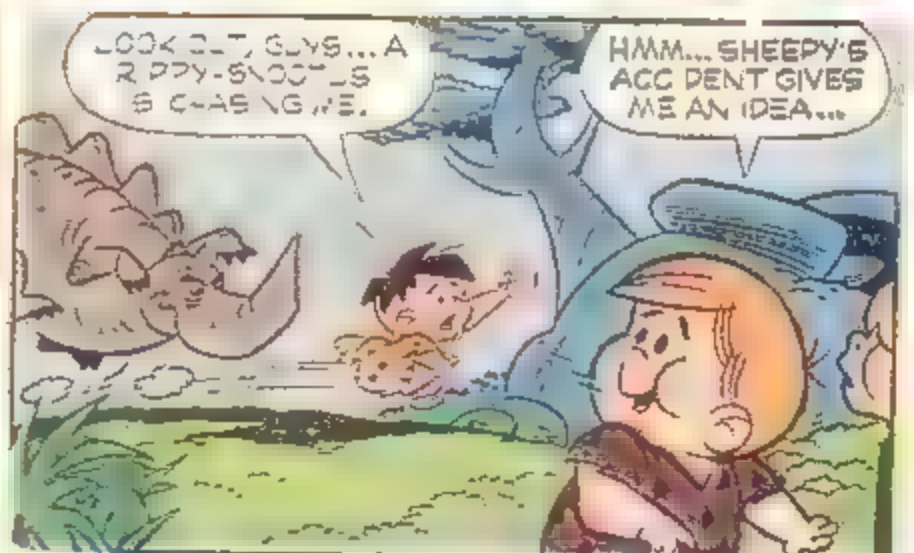
I WAS LOOKING UP AND I DON'T SEE THAT ROOT!

LOOKING UP FOR WORMS?



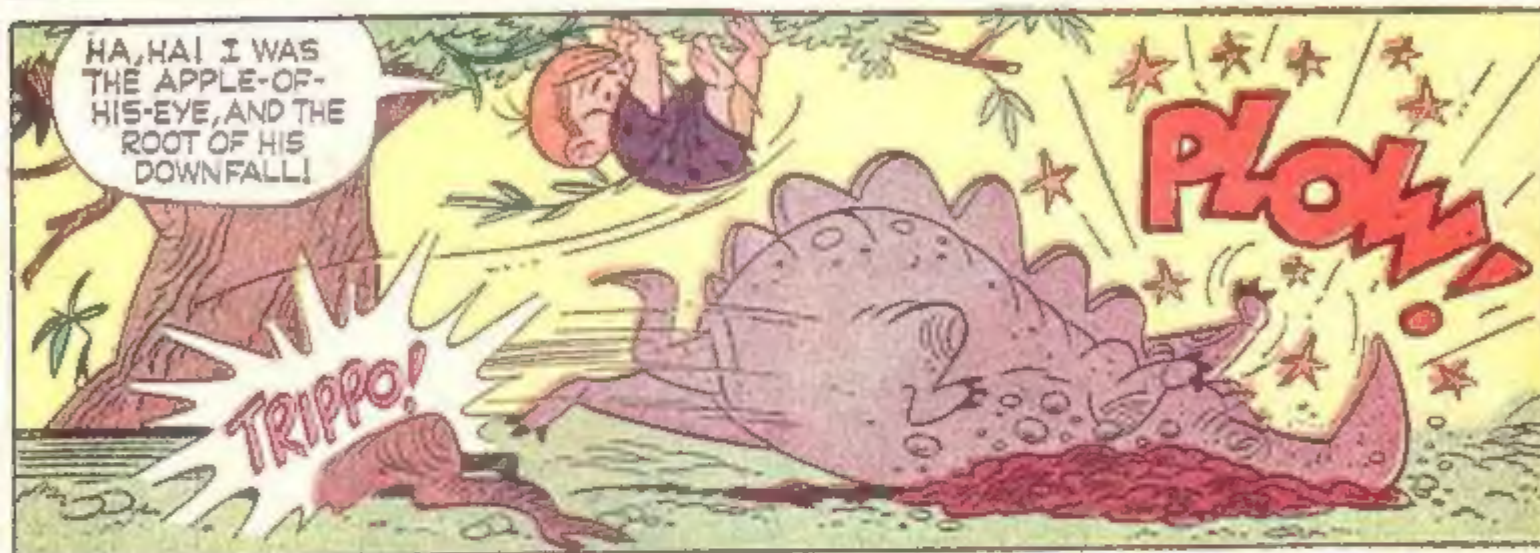
SURE! HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN A DIPPY APPLES?

ERK!



LOOK OUT, GUYS... A DIPPY-SHOOTLS IS CHASING ME.

HMM... SHEEPY'S ACCIDENT GIVES ME AN IDEA...





HA-HA-HA! GIVING UP, BRICK?

NOT AT ALL!



I'M GOING OUT ON BEEFY BAY IN MY BOAT TO DO SOME DEEP SEA FISHING!



(SIGH!) I SUPPOSE HE'LL CATCH A DOUBLE-WHOOPER OUT THERE!

MAYBE WE OUGHTA START BUILDING A BOAT!



EEK! HALP!

ER... ON SECOND THOUGHT... LET'S NOT BUILD A BOAT!

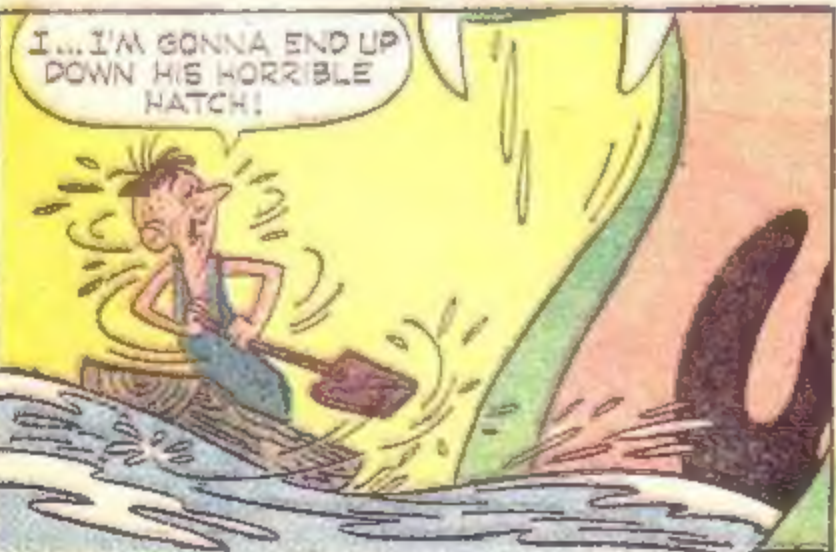


A SEA MONSTER!

A PADDLE-TAILED SWALLOW-PUGS!

HALP! HE'S MAKING WAVES GO DOWN HIS THROAT!

SPLASH! SPLASH!

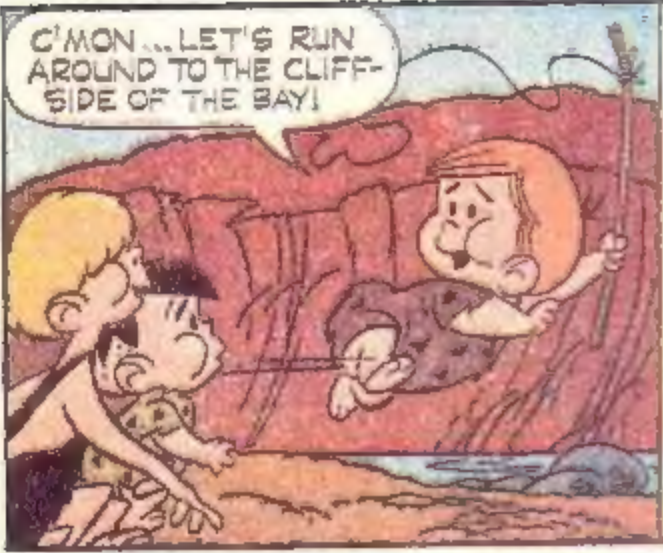


I... I'M GONNA END UP DOWN HIS HORRIBLE HATCH!



POOR GUY! HE'S AS HELPLESS AS A FISH ON A HOOK!

HMM... THAT GIVES ME A BRAIN-BOMB!



C'MON... LET'S RUN AROUND TO THE CLIFF-SIDE OF THE BAY!



AND JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME...

HUH? I'M HOOKED!



HA-HAI THAT LAST PADDLE WAS SUPPOSED TO SPLOSH ME DOWN!

SMACKO!



BOY, I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL EVER THANK YOU GYS!

DON'T BOTHER!



THE MERE FACT THAT WE WERE ABLE TO 'CATCH' YOU IS QUITE A FEATHER IN OUR CAP!

?



WE CAUGHT THE BIGGEST FISHERMAN AROUND... BRICK BENTROCK! ...THIS BIG!

I'M GONNA TAKE LIP BUTTERFLY COLLECTING!

50000

50000

SMALL STUFF

